

'Purge' Hits The Charlie Spivak Band

New York—It's another house-cleaning at the house of Spivak—the Glen Island Casino—but Charlie believes the changes he made last week will put his band "up there where I want it."

Most important move Spivak made was to hire Cy Manes as manager of the band. Manes, once a booker with the old Rockwell-O'Keefe combine, for the last year had been working as a contact man

for Harms here. Also serving as a stimulant to the band, said Spivak, is the drumming of young Bunny Shawker, Baltimore percussionist. Shawker replaced Andy Picard, who left the band of his own accord. Shawker left Alvino Rey to take the Spivak job. Roy Hammerstag is back in the band on tenor after a short spell with Al Donahue. Nelson Riddle has been added on trombone, making it three slip-horns, and there are two new vocalists, Gary Stevens, formerly a trumpet player with Don Bestor, and Kitty McLane.

Stevens replaces Frank Howard, Kitty, overlooked by Bobby Byrne in a recent audition at Meadowbrook, will be the "hottest girl singer in the business in a year," Spivak thinks. She's a discovery of "Bullets," Glenn Miller's ace handy-man, who was at the auditions.

Earle Penney Joins Ray Noble

Houston, Texas—Earle Penney, second trumpet with Eddie Fitzpatrick's band, left the band to join Ray Noble in Chicago. The Fitzpatrick band plays the Plantation in Dallas for two weeks, with Ross Majesic coming in in Penney's place.

Faz Is King



New Orleans—When they heard that Irv Fazola had been chosen for the honor of lone clarinetist on the *Down Beat* 1940 All-American, the boys on radio station WWL there decided to honor Faz in their own way. He is shown (left) being presented with a loving cup in recognition of the *Down Beat* honor by Bill Fuchs of WWL. Faz is now on the staff of the station. Others in the shot are Pinky Vadicovich, WWL musical director; Joe Valenti, and Marion Suter, staff musicians.

Frank Dailey Reorganizing

New York—Frank Dailey, who with Vince Dailey owns and operates the Meadowbrook Country Club in Cedar Grove, N. J., where the nation's topflight bands play regularly, is organizing a new band.

Details are being kept secret, but Joe Mooney, arranger whose work was a feature of Paul Whiteman's 1940 band, is busy making new scores and rounding out a library. Also figuring in the picture is the Tom Rockwell agency, General Amusement Corp., which is slated to handle the Dailey bookings. Dailey, who has had other bands, has not been active as a leader for over a year.

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No Payoff; Ben Bernie Yanked Off the Job

BY CHARLIE EMGE

Los Angeles—Ben Bernie and "all the lads" were jerked off the Victor Hugo date by union action after one \$3,000 payday had slipped by without signs of appropriate attention and while the following week gave every indication of following suit.

When he was pulled off the job, an action taken with his complete approval, the hitherto "swank" niter was "in" Bernie for \$5,400, according to reliable sources. Although a spokesman for the V. H. tossed off the situation with "Just a bit of union trouble;

we'll have it straightened out in no time," the Hugo next day filed a petition of bankruptcy, listed assets of \$103,374 and liabilities of \$93,913.

The Local, meanwhile, nixed the Hugo plans to bring in a local band on week-ends, until settlement was made with Bernie's boys.

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New York—Nat Lebovsky, whose brilliant lead trombone work was a feature of the Paul Whiteman and Jimmy Dorsey orchestras last year, joined Woody Herman's band last week. Lebovsky took Bud Smith's chair. Nat quit Dorsey last fall to work in radio studios but jumped when he was offered a chance to return to dance band work.

Nat Lebovsky

Gives Birth

Gives Birth



Ace Men form Co-op Band; To Play 'Gut' Schmaltz

New York—A cooperative band which soon will make its debut here and which includes, among others, four fiddles, two guitars and an accordion, is going through the woodshed stage at the Piccadilly Hotel. Fronted by Al Duffy, the violinist, the group includes such prominent musicians as George Van Epps, Joe Tarto, Milt Shaw and Godfrey Hirsch, who recently quit Richard Hieber as drummer.

The complete lineup of the unit comprises Marty Dale, piano; Hirsch, drums; Jimmy Lewis and Van Epps, guitars; Tarto, bass; Vincent Pirro, accordion, and Duffy, Herman Kaplan, Shaw and Frank Braccianei, violins.

New York musicians are wondering what the group "is cooking" as it goes through its paces. The band, according to Lewis, who once played with Russ Morgan, will "play any kind of music the customers ask for—rhumbas, gut jazz, schmaltz, corn, waltzes and what have you."

No booking office is set yet. Van

Epps, for years one of America's greatest orchestral guitarists, recently quit Ray Noble's orchestra in Chicago. Not until the band is "ready" will the boys attempt an engagement, Lewis said. Combo is rehearsing every day at the Piccadilly.

Johnny Austin Joins Clinton

Chicago—Johnny Austin, hot trumpeter whose "Harry James style" featured many a record made by Jan Savitt, now is with Larry Clinton. He took Walter Smith's chair. Austin joined Clinton in Pittsburgh last week.

Ft. Worth, Texas—A baby girl was born here last month to the former Durelle Alexander, vocalist formerly with Paul Whiteman and Eddy Duchin. About two years ago she left Duchin to marry Fort Worth business man E. P. Van Zandt Jr. and since then has confined her vocalizing to occasional programs on local radio stations.

Carl Hoff in Coast Guard

Los Angeles—With his induction into the U. S. Coast Guard Reserve, maestro Carl Hoff attached his fast cabin cruiser, "Caprice," to Coast Guard Flotilla No. 5 of Southern California recently. The flotilla comprises 35 craft in the Los Angeles area, each of which contributes two days patrolling each month. In the event of war the craft would be taken over by the government for active patrol service. Hoff's band is featured on the CBS Al Pearce show.

Fazola May Join the New Muggsy Band

New York—Muggsy Spanier will arrive here about March 5 after splitting with the Bob Crosby band on the west coast. Irving (Fazola) Prestopnik, clarinetist now with the Tony Almerico band and on the staff of WWL in New Orleans, may play a big role in Muggsy's new "big band," which is slated to start rehearsals about March 15 here.

Beside Fazola, Nick Caiizza, tenor man now with Bobby Hackett, and Bob Casey, bassist now with Gus Arnhem, are virtual certainties for spots in the new Muggsy band. Joe Bushkin and Mel Powell are possibilities for the piano spot. Bushkin, Caiizza and Casey were all former members of Muggsy's last combo.

Spanier leaves the Crosby band late this month after finishing a picture the band is now making. Muggsy has a featured spot when the band plays *Dippermouth Blues* in the pic. A group of Chicago businessmen headed by his brother, Bill Spanier, are backing Muggsy's venture. Art Eisendrath will be road manager.

Stravinsky Gets Papers; Says 'I Love Swings'

New York—With his first United States citizenship papers in his pockets, smiling Igor Stravinsky, noted Russian composer and a leader in the "modern" school of music, last week declared that he "loved" swing music.

Igor

"I love swings. It is to the Harlem I go. It is so sympathetic to watch the Negro boys and girls dancing and to watch them eat the long, what is it you call them, frankfurters, no? It is so sympathetic. I love all kinds of swings."

Time magazine reported that Stravinsky was "delighted" with the prospects of becoming an American citizen.

Five Artie Shaw Men Join Himber

Los Angeles—Several men in the Artie Shaw band who left him when Artie headed east have joined Richard Hieber, who opened at the St. Francis in Frisco two weeks ago. The ex-Shaw men with Dick are fiddlers Ted Klages, Gene Lamas and Al Beller, viola Allan Harshman, and trumpet George "Fats" Wendt. Many of Hieber's had gone back to New York when Hieber left the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago to come west for the St. Francis date.

Musicians Clean Up in Explosives

Davenport, Ia.—Between 50 and 100 musicians from this tri-city area and surrounding territory are now employed at the Rock Island Arsenal, serving in various capacities, from clerical workers to machinists. Very few local musicians depend entirely on music for their livelihood any more. Other fields are greener. And for the first time in years, there isn't a single traveling band headquartered here.



New York—Here's the new streamlined bandstand front which Glenn Miller's sax section is now using. Joining in the recent christening ceremonies at the Cafe Rouge of the Hotel Pennsylvania are, left to right, Miller, Bob Burns, who is Tommy Dorsey's manager, Charlie Spivak, Les Brown, Larry Clinton, Woody Herman, and Sammy Kaye. Dig the miniature

streamlined train running along the top of the stand. The designer was Col. E. J. W. Ragsdale, chief engineer of the Budd company, who make most of the streamlined trains today. Ragsdale's invention of the "shotweld" process of fabricating stainless steel, made possible the streamlining effect applied on trains.

Miami Bands Having Tough Go; They Outnumber 'Game'

BY RAY SNYDER

Miami—Only a few issues back, some cat said in a very smart article in this *Beat*, "Stay away from Miami." The advice was levelled at all those far-seeing (?) musicians who were giving this town the figurative ogle, figuring it was prospective Boom Town for the winter season. But boy, how right that *Beat* reporter was! There are too many hotels here, too many night clubs, too many bars, too many musicians, too many bands, too many promoters, everybody trying to make a killing. But when somebody figures to make a killing he also has to figure on who is to be killed. And there just ain't been enough game to go around. That's one thing they didn't figure on—the law of supply and demand, the law of if there ain't enough game to go around, some prospective killer gets stuck without no blood . . . in this case without no blood money.



Freeman

So what's been happening here,

and what's going to continue happening all the rest of the season? Well, the Spotlight Club started off full blast, using three bands, Pappy Trester, Cec Hurst and Harry Collins. Red ink blotted out Hurst and Collins. Babe Russin's job at Slapsie Maxie's has given him plenty of headaches. The law raided the joint, walked off with thousands of bucks worth of equipment and slapped a hell of a fine on the management. Bud Freeman of that great tenor has been sorry ever since he left New York. He had to change three men, and in this land of sunshine and healthy-looking skins he got sick, in more ways than one. Leon Prima followed Bud into the Padock Club. I understand Freeman got the hell out of here and back to New York as fast as he could.

Hotel Situation Foul

Freddie Owens didn't last long at Rainbow Grill. Fred's band split up and left town. Hod Williams replaced them. Lolita Cor-

(Jumped to Page 23)

'Old Gold' Goodman on Fitch Show Tomorrow

Down Beat Cups To be Presented

Chicago—Benny Goodman, who began his Old Gold commercial on WJZ, N. Y., last Monday night, gets the Fitch Bandwagon call on the NBC net tomorrow night (Feb. 16), at 6:30, CST. The program, originating in Chicago, will feature the presentation of *Down Beat* awards to Benny and three of his men, Charlie Christian, Fletcher

Henderson and Cootie Williams. Benny accepts two cups, one as leader of the favorite swing band of the nation's musicians, the other as their favorite soloist. Christian, Henderson and Williams will be

on the program.

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Hines Hits Broadway And Tears it Apart!

BY DAVE DEXTER, JR.

New York—The "father" came and conquered. Then he scooted—scooted from Broadway to take to the road. But everyone who heard Earl Hines' 18-piece band (that includes his two vocalists) agreed that the father's return to Broadway was sensationaly successful.

Powerful, Rugged Band'

Earl's four days at the Fiesta Danceteria revealed his band to be big, powerful and rugged. The brass had a bite that rocked the shiny chromium tables on three sides of the dance floor. The saxophone—a 5-man front line which spread 12 feet across the bandstand—sported three better than average soloists in George (Scoops) Carey on alto and Franz Jackson and Bud Johnson on tenors. Over at the right as you enter the room sat the Earl at the keyboard.

The Earl is feeling fit these days with a new booking agency—William Morris—guiding his dates. "Three months ago out in Chicago I mighty near threw over my band," the father says. "Goodman offered me a job with a nice guaranteed salary and it took a lot of proing and coning before I made my decision."

'Best Hines Band Yet'

Those "pros and cons" led to the right choice, Earl believes. For the band he has today is the greatest he's ever had, he says, and John Hammond, Mildred Bailey, Helen Oakley, Leonard Feather and all the others who were at the Fiesta opening seemed to agree.

The lineup:

George (Scoops) Carey, Leroy Harris, alias Albert (Bud) Johnson, William Reddin, Franz Jackson, tenor, George Dixon, Tom Enoch, Pee-Wee Jackson, Ed Sims, trumpet; Edward Funt, Joe McEvily, George Hunt, trombones; Charles (Truck) Park, bass; Alvin (Mouse) Burroughs, drums; Hurley Ramey, guitar, and Hines at the piano.

The Earl is set for a theater tour which will be split up with one-nighters, mostly in the East. In charge of the band's routings, and Hines' personal affairs, is Charlie Carpenter, who in 1931, when he was a youngster in Chicago, was hired by Hines as a valet. Carpenter not only took care of his boss' clothing, but on the side he composed *You Can Depend On Me, You Taught Me To Love*

Martha Tilton, Buddy Rogers For Juke Pix

Los Angeles—Ex-Goodman thrush Martha Tilton, ex-band leader Buddy Rogers, and current Eddie Cantor show maestro Bobby Sherwood all have been signed by Sam Coslow's new corporation, Cameo Productions, to make a series of short "soundies" to be released by the Roosevelt-Mills nickel-movie mill.

Coslow, now taking a fling at the juke-box movie production field, is the songwriter. Roy Mack directs the pix.

Rogers is in the middle of a \$150,000 breach of contract suit, filed against him by former managers Arthur T. Michaud and James V. Peppe for allegedly walking out on a ten-year band management contract that had more than nine and a half years to run. His wife, Mary Pickford, is being sued by them for a like amount, purportedly for having urged him to break the contract.

Tony Pastor Gets New Girl Singer

New York—Linda Keene, brunet songstress formerly with Red Norvo and Jack Teagarden, has joined Tony Pastor's orchestra at Hotel Lincoln here. Linda left Norvo after working with Red's small combo about six months. She takes Kay Little's spot with Pastor. Kay joined Bobby Byrne.

Again and *A Lover is Blue*. Now Carpenter is a member in good standing with ASCAP, and Hines has a new valet.

Reminds of the 'Old Days'

With the band as vocalists are Madeline Green, who'll probably never live down the tag that "she's the girl Benny Goodman signed to a contract," and Billy Eckstein, whose Pha Terrellish style is often dropped for a session at the mike when he shouts the blues a la Joe Turner. Both were clicks at the Fiesta.

The band doesn't worry too much about intonation. The men prefer to beat off a good stomp and let go with a raft of hot solos. Jackson's tenor overshadows Bud's.

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He'd Rather Eat, So Hodes Junks His Band

New York—Saying he would prefer to "eat regularly" than sit around without work with a band which only record collectors praise, Art Hodes last week disbanded his "righteous jazz" combo and made plans to reorganize with another small group, to be built around his own piano and Rod Cless' clarinet.

Hodes, who came to the fore in 1940 as a result of the praise of Herman Rosenberg, Dan Qualey, Bob Thiele, George Avakian and other "purists," will try an Ellington format with his new group, he said. There'll be no trombone. "I want a small band which can play in an Ellington vein and still please the public," Hodes said. "If we have to play rhumbas we'll play 'em—and play 'em well. But we'll not be corny and the band will always be musically legitimate."

Bitterly disappointed because New York hot fans, record collectors and jazz musicians did not patronize Childs' Restaurant on upper Broadway, Hodes hopes to construct a danceable, musical unit which will please a wider variety of patrons. Hodes finished his Childs' date two weeks ago and now is rounding up men to form his new group.

BMI Gets Songs By Larry Clinton

New York—Larry Clinton's library of original tunes, with only a few exceptions, has been turned over to BMI.

All of the tunes listed in the deal, which was swung by Clinton with Milton Pickman, his manager,



guiding him, now may be performed on the air. Jack Bregman, an ASCAP publisher, owns all rights to several of Clinton's originals. They will not be available for broadcast on non-ASCAP stations.

Double - Duty

New York—No, your ears aren't fooling when you hear Victor-Bluebird records made by Bea Wain, Barry Wood and Dick Todd, all vocal soloists in their own right.

Inasmuch as all three artists use virtually the same studio orchestras, man for man, their recording sessions are held about once a month the same day. As soon as one finishes cutting his wax the other steps up. Only the arrangements—and the voices—are different.

Teddy Wilson Opens Date In Chicago

Chicago—In his first jaunt to the middlewest as a band leader, Teddy Wilson will bring a 7-man combo into the Pump Room of the swank Ambassador East Hotel here on the 21st of this month. The Wilson band follows Matty Malneck and is set for an eight weeks' date with options.

Wilson's personnel reads as follows:

Bill Coleman, trumpet; George James, baritone sax only; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet; Benny Morton, trombone; Al Hall, bass, and J. C. Heard, who recently replaced Yank Porter, on drums.

The Wm. Morris office set the deal with Ernest Byfield, head of the Ambassador and Sherman Hotels here.



Bluebird Boogie

Cutting a couple of boogie sides on a recent Bluebird platter session, guitarist maestro Teddy Powell and Ruth Gaylor are caught by the lensman in the middle of a chorus. Two boogie sides by the Powell band soon to be released are *Boogie Woogie on the Down Beat* and *Bluebird Boogie Woogie*.

Boys in the Powell band include saxmen Peter Terry, Phil Olivella, Gene Zanone, and Harry Davis. The trombone man seen in the shot is John O'Rourke.

We'll Scare Those Guys to Death'—Andrews Sisters

New York—"Just let us sing together at a Harvard prom—we'll scare those guys to death."

That's how the Andrews sisters, Patty, Maxene and Laverne, replied to the editors of the Harvard *Lampoon*, campus humor mag, who recently selected the famous girl trio as the "most frightening act in motion pictures in 1940." The "honor" was made as a result of their performance with the Ritz brothers in the movie *Argentine Nights*.

Patty, Maxene and Laverne took the ribbing good-naturedly. "Those nice Harvard boys are all right—but we'd like to sing at one of their proms—we'd show them how we really can scare people." The mag named Miriam Hopkins as its "least desirable companion on a desert island."

Benny Carter Heads West

New York—That Benny Carter man—the man who is equally dexterous with an alto, trumpet, clarinet or arranger's pen—is ready to hit the road toward the middlewest. As soon as he closes his engagement at Nick's in the Village he'll head west to work in and out of Cleveland and Chicago.



Carter

Line up of Carter's band—after it was raided by Fletcher Henderson and others—now includes Lincoln Mills, Tom Lindsay, Sidney DeParis, trumpets; Vic Dickinson, James Archey, Joe Britton, trombones; Fred Mitchell, Alfred Gibson, tenors; William White, Jim Johnson, altos; Benny himself on alto; Charlie Drayton, bass; Isaac Cruickson, drums, and Sonny White piano.

Mort Davis is managing and lining up Carter's tour.

Harry James, Boys Take Rest

New York—Harry James, who has been monkeying with the idea of using fiddles in an attempt to fuse jump with commercialism in what he has chosen to call "walk rhythm," is giving the band a vacation for a couple of weeks after they finish their Brandt theater commitments. At press time, Harry's wife, the former Louise Tobin, vocalist with Benny Goodman, was in Texas expecting momentarily to present James with an heir. Harry was to join her here.

Jo Stafford Cuts First Solo

New York—Jo Stafford, more prominent as the fem member of Tommy Dorsey's Pied Pipers, cut her first record as soloist with the band last week. She sang *For You*.

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Balto Band's Boss Banquets Boys

BY GEORGE S. EVERLY

Baltimore—Probably the top band around town is the George Van Dorn 14-piece. They've just completed their third consecutive year of broadcasting over station WFB and were given a banquet at the Lord Baltimore Hotel in token of their fine work. The pick of Baltimore musicians, the boys play anything from classic to jump, but good.



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THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER COMPANY, DE KALB, ILLINOIS

Jazz Of Mu

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XUM

'Jazz Has Raised Standards Of Music,' Szigeti Thinks

New York—"Jazz has raised the standards of efficiency in playing music," Joseph Szigeti, world-famous "longhair" violinist, said last week. "It is much easier to get away with a slovenly performance of *Poet and Peasant* than with a well-written jazz piece."

Szigeti (it rhymes with spaghetti) is a hep-cat of the first water, being one of Benny Goodman's greatest admirers. "Jazz brought to popular music what the impressionists brought to painting—more colors and more care in using them. I think jazz has sharpened the receptivity of the listener."

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'Song Hits' Pub Dies in New York

New York—George Engel, publisher of the magazine "Song Hits," died Jan. 28, at his home here. Funeral services were attended by many of the music publishers with whom Engel had worked during the last five years. "Song Hits" was devoted primarily to the lyrics of popular songs through contract arrangements between Engel and the music publishers. Lyle Engel, the publisher's son, has edited the publication for the past three years and will continue publication.

On the Cover

Adding a zany light touch to present arms-consciousness of the nation, Woody Herman guitarist, Hy White, left-shoulders the gitbox, right-shoulders the bangstick.

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dynamic power that fades effortlessly to a lush whisper in pianissimo playing. ★ At present, production of the Selmer-U. S. Saxophone is strictly limited. Ask your dealer if he has placed his order. ★ Send name and address for *Free Descriptive Literature*, ready for mailing soon. State whether you play alto or tenor. Address Department 1256

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ELKHART, INDIANA

Norvo Unappreciated Genius—Frazier Cusses 'Handlers Who Screw Things Royally'

BY GEORGE FRAZIER

Red Norvo's current band is neither great nor, for that matter, especially exciting, but it is a good enough band to confirm my long-standing suspicion that a leader is more important than his material. In

my time I've seen but six leaders who impressed me as being truly first-rate, only six men who could take a group of competent musicians (not stars necessarily, because the question of stars doesn't enter into it) and shape them into more than a merely passable ensemble. Those leaders were Duke Ellington, Fletcher Henderson, Ben Pollack, Joe Haymes, Benny Goodman, and Red Norvo.

Norvo with 'Big Boys'

And, for my tin, they've been the only ones with sufficient genius (inspirational genius, I suppose you'd call it) to make a band, virtually any band, sound proficient and, in high moments, even glow-



Red Norvo

ing. Ellington, who is admittedly the candy kid, is patently a cinch for any such list, and it will probably be agreed that somewhere behind him come Henderson, Pollack, Haymes, and Goodman, but the case of Norvo isn't likely to be so amiable a problem, because he, more than any other leader whose name comes to mind offhand, still remains pretty much of an unappreciated genius. To me, though, he belongs right up there with the big boys.

I've always felt so and now that I've heard his latest band, I feel even more deeply so. It isn't, as I say, either great or especially exciting, but it does sound distinguished in the manner of every band that Red has ever had. The guy's ability to whip raw talent (sometimes, alas, even the talent isn't there) into a highly proficient and frequently moving band amounts to sheer genius. At the moment he has a ten-piece affair

(rhythm, three reeds, two trumpets, trombone) that plays with a poise and subtleness that are all too rare these days. The pleasantest thing about it is its taste—no flash, no compromise with secondary appetites—and that, together with its wonderfully relaxed quality, make it practically unique among ofay bands. For the likes of me at least, it is a hell of a lot more stimulating band than either Glenn Miller's (Is this Tex Beneke supposed to be good or something?) or Tommy Dorsey's, with a refinement and an integrity that those bands lack completely, but Glenn is said to have made \$750,000 last year and Tommy. . . . But that's another story.

'Shabby Handling'

All of which would seem to suggest that Norvo has been the victim of some pretty shabby handling by his office. There was a period a few years back (when the band was at the Blackhawk, with plenty of air shots, and afterwards at the Commodore) when Red appeared to have hit it. The band was magnificent (if you doubt me, play some of the records out of that period); the reeds were feathery (listen to *Always for Something* pretty special in that department); the rhythm section was integrated and unobtrusive (although at times the lack of a perfect recording balance doesn't show this to be so); the soloists were really topnotch, and Mildred was singing as only Mildred can. And, to climax that, Red had a tune. He had *Weekend of a Private Secretary*, and when Bailey sang it, it stayed sung for all time. That, in itself, should have been enough to have moved him to the top, but somehow it didn't quite do that and no one, least of all Red himself, has ever been able to understand why. My own suspicion is that his handlers bitched things rather hopelessly, because that was the time for them to give it the

gun, to spread the gospel that here was a really swell white band. But, instead, Red got the kiss-off or the leg or something and nothing ever happened. He is still a great leader, though; still, it seems to

become band leaders and in so doing have done the cause of good jazz a great hurt. Sometimes I wonder when I tune in late at night. . . . Who in God's name ever told Bob Chester or Les Brown or Tommy Reynolds that they were band leaders? I'm simply dying to know who ever told them that.

I'm afraid that Jimmy Rushing's head cold kept Basie's *It's the Same Old South* from emerging as one of the really important (and significant, too, if that word hasn't long since outlived its usefulness) records of the past few years. The tune is absolutely wonderful—a socially significant lyric that manages to avoid stuffiness, a socially significant lyric that eschews the dreadful seriousness of *Strange Fruit*—and Basie's band plays it for all it is worth, but Jimmy's cold hurt his enunciation and you really have to dig to get the words. Frankly, I am at a loss to understand why John Hammond let it go through, because on a good day Rushing could have done it justice, could have sung it better than anyone else in the business, with the sadness of that big unschooled voice of his, and the resultant record would have been a classic. Even as it is, though, it's an all right job. Its coupling is all right too. It's that *Love Jumped Out* tune of Buck Clayton's, a pretty thing that could be as big as *Don't Be That Way* and *Stompin' at the Savoy* with the proper exploitation, and the trumpet in it is merely wonderful.

'Handlers Screw Things'

But in the music business they don't always pay off on talent. There are always the handlers, of course; always the handlers to screw things royally and always a lot of stupid bastards who don't get the news very quickly and who never should have been in the music business in the first place. Which is one of the reasons why a slew of irritating little frights have



George Frazier, Boston jazz commentator, cuts out some hot cornet for relaxation from his jazz writing. Read Frazier's eulogy of Red Norvo's "genius," on this page. George's often vitriolic but always sincere vowel will spew his ideas regularly for *Down Beat* readers.

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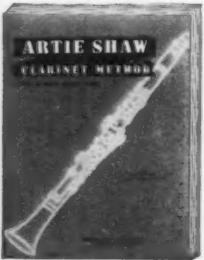
The Sunday afternoon jam sessions in Providence have moved into the Beachcomber and seem to be doing nicely. Bernie Billings, Don Walsh, and Waldo Kaufer, who worked diligently to put the idea across, have finally proved that people will pay thirty-five cents to listen to good, uninhibited jazz. I've caught two sessions and am able to report that they were successful in more ways than one. The attendance averages around two hundred and some twenty or twenty-five musicians usually show up to sit-in. Rico Valise, who plays horn in the Hackett style, Billings, and Johnny Catullo, a promising young clarinetist, form the nucleus of the band and now, with the switch into the Beachcomber, there will be that spot's quite wonderful quartet to participate.

Addendum: Quite a few people who read my recent column on Benny Goodman's new band seem to have missed its point completely. I didn't review the band (I'm charitable and merciful enough never to review new bands, although there really appears to be no good reason why a band that is playing to paying customers shouldn't stand judgment. After all, new shows are reviewed in the dailies), but merely said that the Old Man, in my benevolent opinion, hadn't come through with anything new. I did not say that the band was either good, bad, or indifferent, but merely that a lot of us had hoped that Benny might come forth with something novel and exciting. I don't think he did, though. It is still a Goodman band—still a big, organized band with That Girl still singing, still with (Modulate to Page 9)

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Chicago, February 15, 1941

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Huge Hospital Campaign Launched by L. A. Local

BY CHARLIE EMGE

Los Angeles—A campaign has been launched by Local 47, under the leadership of "Spike" Wallace, to raise a fund to build a hospital for Local 47 members and their families. The immediate goal is \$100,000, the money to be raised by a series of benefits and by means of private donations.

"Spike" himself has promised to secure at least \$10,000 worth of contributions from prominent citizens of southern California.

First Benefit Planned

First event in the series of benefits will be a grand ball staged in honor of recently reelected President Wallace and his "official family." The affair is tentatively scheduled for Feb. 24. Entertainment will be provided by major stars of screen and radio, name bands and others who already have volunteered their services. A jam session, featuring some of the world's most noted swingsters, will also be part of the show.

A partial list of the committee in charge of the preliminary campaign includes Dave Malloy, Dave and Manny Klein, Dave Rose, Davy Forester, Louis Castelucci, Robert Zeigler, John Ayers, and Dr. Ezra Lax. There are many others.

To Be Fully Equipped

Dr. Lax, a member of Local 46 with a large practice among musicians, said that actual plans for the hospital and its administration

Los Angeles Band Briefs

Peter Lind Hayes, son of Grace (Grace Hayes Lodge) Hayes, was set to make his debut as band-leader at his mother's ultra-ultra Ventura Blvd. spot Feb. 4. Hayes will front the band and do vocals. Ex-Kemp trumpet ace Dale Brodie was included in the line-up. . . . Lyle Griffin's okay swing combo was due to take over the stand at the Hollywood Cafe Feb. 2. Lyle is plenty okay himself on trombone and vocals. Hollywood Cafe is staging a campaign to build up its Monday night jam sessions again. Davy Forester's Monday night affairs at the "It" Cafe (Plaza Hotel) have been giving the Hollywood plenty of competition. . . . Russ Morgan & band, who came to town for a theater date, will remain on the Coast to play the Palladium following Casa Loma. Russ opens March 9. . . . L.A.'s Off Beat Club (no relation to Chicago's) was among the spots knocked over for liquor law violations recently. . . . Ed ("Tiny") Fishman, Wm. Morris agency band juggler, arrives in L.A. shortly to take over local Wm. M. band affairs. Dick Dorso goes East. . . . Mrs. Horace Heidt will be seen in a bit part in her husband's "Pot O' Gold" picture, just completed. Mrs. Heidt drew one word of dialogue. She said she'd get even at home. . . . Another long-terminer discovered recently in Bob Mohr's Sunday night stint at the Royal Palms hotel. Bob, who heads one of the busiest of the local jobbing outfits, is now in his sixth year at the R.P. . . . Out at Republic studios the Bob Crosby Bob Cats are layin' 'em out with their impromptu jam sessions on the sets of the "Sis Hopkins" pic, in which Bob Crosby plays opposite Judy Canova. Cy Feuer, head of Republic's Music dept., is one of the most enthusiastic admirers of the band. . . . Tom Swift & band, formerly at the Figueira Ballroom, moved over to the Lonesome Club. Teddie McKay (Klein) took over at the Fig. . . . Jan Garber takes over at Casa Manana Feb. 21. . . . Joe Perry, boss of the local Decca recording studios, pulled out for New York and a round-the-country tour of Decca plants latter part of January.

Janalee on Mend

Los Angeles—"Janalee" Moore, who left the Ray Noble band several months ago to return to her home here for a throat operation, has been doing light club dates here, taking it easy until her throat gets into shape again.



L.A. Musician Sues Attacker For \$10,000

Los Angeles—Ed Gruen, the Local 47 picket who last month was brutally attacked by an assailant he identified as Harry Willis, operator of the Royal Cafe, has filed a \$10,000 damage suit against Willis.

Willis, according to witnesses, mauled Gruen while a couple of hoodlums held his arms. He suffered severe bruises and lacerations.

The Bartenders' union (also AFL) of which Willis was a member, promptly expelled him when they learned of the incident. Willis also belongs to the AFL steamfitters and welders' union, which

until the time of this writing had failed to take any action, but something was expected to happen following the arrival here of a special investigator sent from the union's international office in Washington.

Billy Bisset In Phoenix

Phoenix, Ariz.—After eighteen weeks at the Santa Rita Hotel in Tucson, the Billy Bisset band recently went into the Adams hotel here, with an Arizona network shot six nights a week. Lineup includes Byron Dalrymple, Chet Barnett and Jack Baker on saxes; Hank McCarty on trumpet; Harlan Kewish on bass; Bob Shimp on accordion; Bill Morgan on drums; Alice Mann doing vocals, and Bisset on piano.

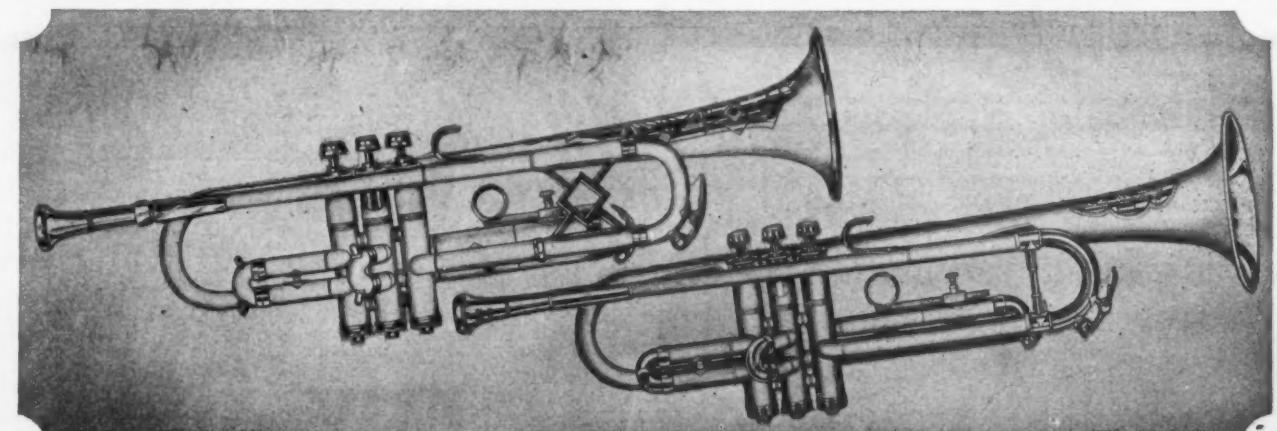


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Ted Locke Gets Off on Criticism:

Says Most Jazz Critics Are Not Qualified

BY TED LOCKE

Boston—Not so long ago I was introduced to a group of musicians as "the well known critic of Jazz music." Under most conditions this would have been a most flattering presentation. People would have rushed forward to kiss the hem of my surplice.

But not this time. I would have been more popular if it had been announced that I had bubonic plague. There were eyebrows raised and glances exchanged. I was soundly hated on all sides. Having too much respect for the musical ability of my new-found enemies I was unable to take refuge in returning their hate, so was compelled to spend a most uncomfortable evening. It would have been excusable had I escaped to a convenient rest-room to dissolve in tears.

Just a 'Casual Observer'

Actually I have never considered myself a critic in the true sense of the word. I find there are two kinds of critics. One is a sincere and skillful judge of creative effort. The other is a chronic fault-finder. He's apt to make judgments captiously. He's inclined to be bilious. I must admit that I'm fond of expressing my musical opinions publicly and in a loud voice. Perhaps because of that I should allow myself to be labelled with that contemptuous appellation, "critic," a word that is fast

'Backwoods Authorities'

The breach existing between artist and critic is ninety per cent the fault of the latter. In the first place there are too many music magazines. In the second place these magazines have too many writers. In the third place, fourth place, etc., the majority of these writers are without background. They have no business writing criticism. It's quite possible for some youngster who doesn't know a hemidemisemiquaver from Muggsy Spanier to print a story about the night Louis Armstrong did or did not cut Emmett Hardy. It's not uncommon for some mug, with his tongue in his cheek (I hope to God), to cause a nation-wide furor with a little opus entitled "Collectors' Fathers are Jerks." Too many of these backwoods columnists are able to masquerade as supreme authorities. It's small wonder that the more able critics don't receive the respect they deserve.

At times even the best critics show deplorable lapses of taste. Often they are swayed from the

path of common sense by their personal likes and dislikes. Many of them have either friendly or out and out commercial interests in certain bands and musicians. A few of our major critics exist merely on their reputations, college English courses, and superior

Shaftsbury Hollow Ladies' Silver Cornet Band), knowing full well that to deny the musical value of any of Louis' records made prior to 1931 is a definite challenge to sound critical judgment, is it any wonder that intelligent lovers of Jazz are beginning to lose faith

to talk with them, listen to their stock-in-trade anecdotes and stories, to count the number of one great artists now languishing in insane asylums, jails, and hospitals, their minds shattered by lives of debauchery and overindulgence, to discover that many of the men who produce our beautiful music are mentally below par, and Emerson had good reason for saying: "Artists are wiser than they know." To complete our syllogism we must conclude that intelligence isn't necessary to produce great art, but it can't be denied that intelligence is necessary to appreciate it.

We cannot dispense with criticism. Jazz musicians must be brought to realize that. Perhaps if they were able to read and understand Wilde's excellent treatise on "The Critic as Artist" they would sooner become resigned to the truth. Wilde sums up the whole argument when he says: "An age that has no criticism is either an age in which art is immobile, hieratic, and confined to the reproduction of formal types, or an age that possesses no art at all. There has never been a creative age that has not been critical also. For it is the critical faculty that invents fresh forms. The tendency of creation is to repeat itself. It is to the critical instinct that we owe each new school that springs up, each new mold that art finds ready to its hand."

Criticism is the essential part of the creative spirit. It is the critic who throws the pure light of reason upon each work of art to determine its worth and value. In most cases the artist is dependent upon the critic to explain and translate his creations not only to his patrons but often to himself.

(Modulate to Page 18)

Sandy Williams, ace slaphornist formerly with Chick Webb and Coleman Hawkins, and Albert Nicholas, vet New Orleans clairy artist, hold down the front row while Zutty Singleton, Eddie Condon and Pee Wee Russell form the rear line at Milton Gabler's Sabbath bash at Jimmy Ryan's on New York's West 52nd street. Gabler holds jams every Sunday with many of the nation's most prominent jazzmen appearing in person. Pic by Charles Peterson.

attitudes. A number of them are only misguided. Somewhere along Life's way they became confused and got off on the wrong road.

Miller's Judgment Unsound?

P. E. Miller is an excellent example of the nice boy gone wrong. He doesn't quite catch the true essence of Jazz. He constantly searches for a pot of gold that doesn't exist. After reading his reviews of the recent Columbia Armstrong reissues, wherein he dismisses eight sides made by the master at the peak of his career with a "not much as music," wherein he bewails the absence of *West End Blues* and other titles from the Armstrong album (to which I might add that they should have also included the records Louis made with Clarence Williams, Sippie Wallace, Hociel Thomas, Chippie Hill, Nolan Welsh, Ma Rainey, Trixie Smith, Coot Grant, Erskine Tate, and the

in Mr. Miller and his fellow workers.

So far the only objection to critics that musicians can raise is that inasmuch as the critics aren't actively engaged in music as a means of livelihood they can't be equipped to properly discuss it as an Art. This is a silly argument. Of course a musical education is helpful to a certain degree but of more importance is good taste, discrimination, a philosophical background . . . in short, intellect. Critics must necessarily be far more cultured than the people whose work they review. To quote Oscar Wilde: ". . . criticism demands infinitely more cultivation than creation does."

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George Frazier on Norvo, etc.

(Jumped from Page 6)

the same conception that carried the Old Man to the top. But til then I wish he would read my whether it is a good big band or a bad big band, it is still too early to have to spend my time straightening the Old Man out. Incidentally, the changes that are taking place are all for the good—Tough green light, I'll review it, but un-

slew of guys named Joe. If you're good and eat your oatmeal, maybe I'll tell you about them in the next issue.

George Frazier, whose jazz writings have incited more oral fire-works than HR 1776, is a regular contributor to *Down Beat*. Many swear by him; many pan him. Read him and choose your side.

'Ascabs'

New York — The Hartmans, satirists of the dance, offer this series of definitions of the current ASCAP-Radio fight.

"Gene Buck—the ASCAPtain . . . the public-ASCAPgoats . . . ASCAP composers who switch to BMI-ASCABS."

Hal Wiese Active

Rock Island, Ill.—Hal Wiese, back in the game after a layoff of a couple of years, has an up and coming young band playing a series of Sunday night dances at the Fort Armstrong Hotel here. The outfit is styled along commercial lines, but not schmaltzy.

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Where We Stand on The Non-Union Band

Chicago

To the Editors:

I've been reading your magazine for three years now and I find it very interesting except for one thing: What's the matter with the small non-union orchestras that never get any writeups or any breaks?

Here on the west side of Chicago, Mark Spagat is having a tough time getting a spot, and why? Mark on his tenor is wonderful. A cross between Beneke and Freeman, he rides

freely and plays as sweetly as Freddie Martin. His band kicks swell, too. Joe Janhuba plays a mean trumpet and Charles Desch has a sweet alto. And Jerry Rosenberg on drums is superb.

Why not have the *Down Beat* get lines on these small non-union orks? They rate high, but bad breaks keep them down.

Duke Martin

* * * * *

Chicago

Dear Duke Martin:

Please forgive our delay in answering your letter of last month. And thanks for the compliment on our rag.

As you should know, we have always tried to be the champion of the little guy in this business. And in championing the little guy, we feel that one of the most important requisites to his success

AFM Membership Requisite for Success

their three squares a day and for their families, they are constantly bucking competition by the non-union college bands, factory bands and other outfits whose members are only interested in music as a sideline or hobby. We certainly don't mean to classify the Mark Spagat boys as "sideline musicians," but when we are dealing with such great numbers of musicians we cannot very well draw a line saying who is the amateur and who is the professional any other way except to classify them as union or non-union. That is why we stick on the side of the union.

Regarding Spagat and his boys specifically, we will say what we say to any "unpublicized" or "buried" band, union or otherwise: You cannot expect to get mention in *Down Beat* or in any other publication if you don't take some of

the initiative in bringing yourselves to our attention. After all, it's physically impossible for us to keep tabs on every

last musician and band in the country. But your writing to us brought Spagat and his boys to our attention. We have, in the past, given space to deserving non-union groups which were working toward the day when they could join the union. We can assume that the Spagat band falls into that category, and will try to get some mention of the band into an early issue. We ask your help, though, in providing us with some "legitimate news" concerning the band, or in sending in unusual photographs of the boys in action.

Let Us Know What You're Doing

Hoping this explains the why and wherefor of our "union stand" and our stand on giving breaks to the unknowns who deserve them, we are,

Sincerely yours,

THE EDITORS

C. H. 'Pop' Cons, Down Beat Ed's Dad, Dies

Charles H. (Pop) Cons, 72, who had been a member of the *Down Beat* staff since the *Beat's* inception more than a half dozen years ago, died in Chicago Feb. 2 as the result of a stroke suffered Oct. 15. The father of *Down Beat's* managing editor, Carl Cons, and its production head, Harold Cons, "Pop" had shouldered the responsibilities of the circulation problems when *Down Beat* was written by Carl Cons and editor Glenn Burrs on a

couple of battered second-hand typewriters in the basement of the elder Cons' apartment at 810 Montrose, almost seven years ago.

Born in Västerås, Sweden, he came to the United States when he was 17. For 47 years he was in the retail grocery business in Kansas



City, coming to Chicago, along with Mrs. Cons, eight years ago. "Pop" had seen the *Down Beat* office spread to larger quarters four times. He had been in the bookkeeping department for the past few years, and had never missed a day on the job until he was stricken four months ago.

He was buried Feb. 5 in Mt. Moriah Cemetery in Kansas City, in addition to Mrs. Cons, Carl and Harold, "Pop" is survived by son George, daughter Mrs. Blaisde Gates of Barrington, R. I., four sisters and a brother.

An always-friendly, genial nature perpetually pipe-smoking "Pop" will be missed by the *Down Beat* gang for a long time.

RAGTIME MARCHES ON . . .

TIED NOTES

HAMILTON-KILTY—Lucille Hamilton, pianist-singer formerly on the KDKA staff in Pittsburgh, and Jack Kilty, singer, Jan. 19 in New York.

DAVIS-PURCELL—Ruth Davis, vocalist formerly with Horace Heidt, and William Purcell, Jan. 18 in Columbus, O.

CHASE-HAYES—Newell Chase, composer, and Grace Hayes, owner of the Lodge in L. A., Jan. 21 in Las Vegas, Nev.

RANG-POWELL—Anthony (Bunny) Rang, guitar with Ray Herbeck's band, and Doris Powell, photog's model of Memphis, in Cincinnati Jan. 15.

TURINA-DEIBERT—Bob Turina, pianist-manager of Erwin Michel's band, and Marie Deibert of St. Louis, at Manhattan, Kas., last month.

COPE-KLINE—Johnny Cope, drummer at the Earle Theatre, Washington, D. C., and Millie Kline, between shows Jan. 18.

TAYLOR-BARRE—Robert D. Taylor, member of the Hotel Knickerbocker trio, and Lorraine Barre, vocalist with Red Nichols' band, at the Little Church Around the Corner, N. Y., Jan. 13.

ANDREA-HEATON—Andrea Andrea, vocalist with Art Sharabba's band, and Walter D. Heaton, of Greenville, S. C., early last month in that city.

JACOBS-NEIFERT—Donald Jacobs, band leader, and Jean Neifert, Jan. 12 in First Lutheran Church, Harrisburg, Pa.

ESSNER-LIPPENHOLZ—Ruth Essner, daughter of Philadelphia band leader Jack Lewis (Max Essner) and Joseph S. Lippenholz, Jan. 12 in Philly.

MARTIN-FAIRCHILD—Lowell Martin, trombone with Tommy Dorsey and Lucy Fairchild, in Hollywood while the band was making its movie there recently.

CALLAHAN-PHILLIPS—Robert Callahan, musical director of WINX, Washington, and Charlotte Phillips, at Fairmont, W. Va., Jan. 25.

NOONAN-DRAHOS—Ray Noonan, trombonist with Tony Pastor's band, to Mildred Drahos, of Avon, O., Jan. 29 at the Old Stone Church in Cleveland, O.

DONIMICK—Twin sons, one 5 lbs. 9 oz. and other 5 lbs. 7 oz., born to Mrs. Peter Dominick in Miami last month. Dad is also with Johnny Silver and Casabonica's Miami bands.

WILKINSON—A son, Kirk Yarwood, born to Mrs. Eric Wilkinson in Philadelphia last month. Dad is staff organist at station KYW there.

MOHR—A daughter, born to Mrs. Robert Mohr in Los Angeles, Jan. 21. Dad is a band leader.

WOODS—A son, born to Mrs. Bertha Woods in New York Jan. 23. Dad is the music staff of *Variety*.

PEABODY—Eddie, Jr., 9 lbs. 12 oz., born to Mrs. Eddie Peabody at Mercy Hospital, Chicago, Jan. 29. Dad is the banjo player.

WILKINSON—A son, Kirk Yarwood, born to Mrs. Eric Wilkinson in Philadelphia last month. Dad is staff organist at station KYW there.

MASTERS—Robert, 24, pianist with Rudy Howe's orch., Jan. 13 of a heart attack at his home in Carbondale, Pa.

RAICHE—Edward J., cornetist, in Denver, Jan. 20 after an appendectomy. Raiche had played with Erno Rapey Roxy Theater orch. on NBC and seven symphonies.

PATCHETT—Stan, 35, prominent British jazz enthusiast and critic, at Hamilton, Bermuda of peritonitis last Christmas eve.

MEYERS—Norman, 25, bassist at the 600 Club in Miami, Jan. 26 of a skull fracture sustained in an auto accident. He was originally from Pittsburgh.

DUFFY—Joseph R., formerly a drummer with Al Donahue's band, suddenly died in New York Wednesday, Jan. 22.

NEW NUMBERS

LAMB—Twin daughters, Lois and Louise, born recently to Mrs. Lois Deibert Lamb at South Shore Hospital in Chicago. Mother is the trumpeter formerly with Ira Ray Hutton and others.

TORREY—A daughter, 6 1/2 lbs., born to Mrs. Jack Torrey in Washington, D. C., Jan. 19. Dad is the trumpeter in the Gayety theater band there.

VAN ZANDT—A daughter, born to Mr. E. P. Van Zandt Jr. in Ft. Worth, Texas recently. Mrs. Van Zandt is the former Durelle Alexander, vocalist with Paul Whiteman, Eddy Duchin and others.

ACTMAN—A son, born to Mrs. Irving Actman in Philadelphia Jan. 8. Dad is a songwriter and pianist.

WILKINSON—A son, born to Mrs. Eric Wilkinson at Temple U. Hospital, Philadelphia, last month. Dad is an organist and staff accompanist on KYW there.

CAHILL—A daughter, born to Mrs. John Cahill in Doctor's Hospital, N. Y., Jan. 22. Mother is the former Grace Pickens of the Pickens Sisters vocal team.

DONIMICK—Twin sons, one 5 lbs. 9 oz. and other 5 lbs. 7 oz., born to Mrs. Peter Dominick in Miami last month. Dad is also with Johnny Silver and Casabonica's Miami bands.

WILKINSON—A son, Kirk Yarwood, born to Mrs. Eric Wilkinson in Philadelphia last month. Dad is staff organist at station KYW there.

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FINAL BAR

LAMONT—Harry K., 39, director of the symphony at the U. of Wichita and music critic for the *Wichita Beacon*, died Jan. 10 recently.

COSTELLO—Barley C., 70, writer of the English lyrics to *El Rancho Grande* and of the old *Where The River Flows*, died Jan. 14 at Germantown, Pa.

MASTERS—Robert, 24, pianist with Rudy Howe's orch., Jan. 13 of a heart attack at his home in Carbondale, Pa.

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Chords and Discords

Don Warnow Smacks Of Evans and 'Hawk'

Brooklyn

To the Editors:

When I first heard Don Warnow in a little joint called the Pocahontas Club, up in the Plattsburgh country, I couldn't believe my ears. I have heard the best of them, and with the exception of "Hawk" and the late Herschel Evans, I think Don could cut any of them. He is a colored fellow who was "big time" once, but his health knocked him out for a while. I believe the last band he worked with was Fats Waller's. His health is rapidly coming back and I don't think it will be long before he begins that long climb to the top again. He blows his horn in a style that smacks of Evans and Hawkins combined; plenty of guts, ideas, and tone.

That's all for now, except I really think your paper comes on like Dr. Kildaire.

PETER MAIO

'Something's Plenty Screwy Somewhere'

Chicago

To the Editors:

I don't know if you *Down Beat* know it, but the Negro newspapers, particularly here in Chicago, are taking plenty of crack at your sheet because of (1) you R. L. Larkin series depicting the sad plight of colored bands today and (2) Duke Ellington's having censured them for it and having referred to his winning second place in your swing poll "the greatest honor I've had in many years."

I am a colored man, and a musician, and when a newspaper (of which, like all the rest of the colored papers, is constantly harping on racial prejudice and social equality) will come out and talk cracks at the one ofay sheet in the world which absolutely glorifies the colored man an even break and I'm talking about *Down Beat*—then I begin to think something plenty screwy somewhere. And (Modulate to next page)



Jess Stacy as a Missouri midget aged about two is this little squirt with the battered straw bonnet, long hair and scowl on his infant pan. He's no longer a long-hair, but the finest jazz 88 man in the world (see last *Down Beat* poll results). Jess' dad, Fred Stacy, who is 79, sent this to us from Cape Girardeau, Mo., Jess' home.

Chords and Discords—

(Jumped from Page 10)

don't mean with *Down Beat*!

The Negro press would have us readers believe that all our big band leaders are (or that they should be) down on *Down Beat* because Mr. Larkin wrote his articles and because Ellington told them off for their anti-Larkin and anti-*Down Beat* stand. Now that is a lot of foul jive, because there is not a colored band leader or musician who I know of, big or small, who does not swear by *Down Beat*.

Actually what is happening by its attacks on *Down Beat* is that the colored press is stirring up the racial prejudice that it's supposedly crusading against. It's like a man getting in a pulpit and preaching a sermon to the people and then at night going around to their houses and passing out gin and gage for them to get lit up on. Make mine a double order of *Down Beat*, well done.

HENRY JOHNSON

Disputes Harl Smith's Claim to Title of 'Biggest Little Band'

Milford, Ia.

To the Editors:

I really got a bang out of Harl Smith's claim (Feb. 1 *Down Beat*) of having the original "Biggest Little Band." Possibly what I have to offer won't count, as it goes back to 1923, whereas Harl wants us to go back only to 1927. We used to be billed as the "Biggest Little Band," but we never saw fit to use it as a regular appellation. We were three pieces, either Howard Heere of Topeka or Roy Anderson of Omaha, were considered the middlewest's "real" sax man, and one or the other of them was always our lead. Now if Harl Smith needs proof we will be glad to go into it with him and give him a hearing. We are still stumbling around these parts, just clipping coupons from those better days. Incidentally, we really wait for *Down Beat* to get out here every issue.

MATT J. RICHTER
"JIM" LUCHTEL'S TRIO

P. S.—Our location at present is at "Jim" Luchtel's Corn Crib, Milford, Ia. Also, "Jim" is a female, plays piano and accordion.

'I Take Off
Often But Smoothly'

Lawrence, Mass.

To the Editors:

I am a young saxophonist studying with Andy Bagni of the Vaughn Monroe band, and he has me flattered after every lesson. I possess a good tone and a proper method of phrasing and leading a section. Most other saxophonists in the city play out of tune, can't lead and can't read good, but the fact remains that they play steady while I work only a few nights a week. I take off often but smoothly. Most other saxophonists get off in a Barnet manner and get the jobs from the drunken owners of our city's cafes. I'll stick to the commercial side hoping some day my break with a band will come for I love music and my sole ambition is to earn my living playing.

JOHN SIGNORELLI

Calls George Frazier A 'Didactic Upstart'

Boston

To the Editors:

I can't understand how George Frazier professes to be a critic on music. Firstly, the lad has no knowledge of any theoretical phase of music, let alone how to apply it. And believe me he does a bad job

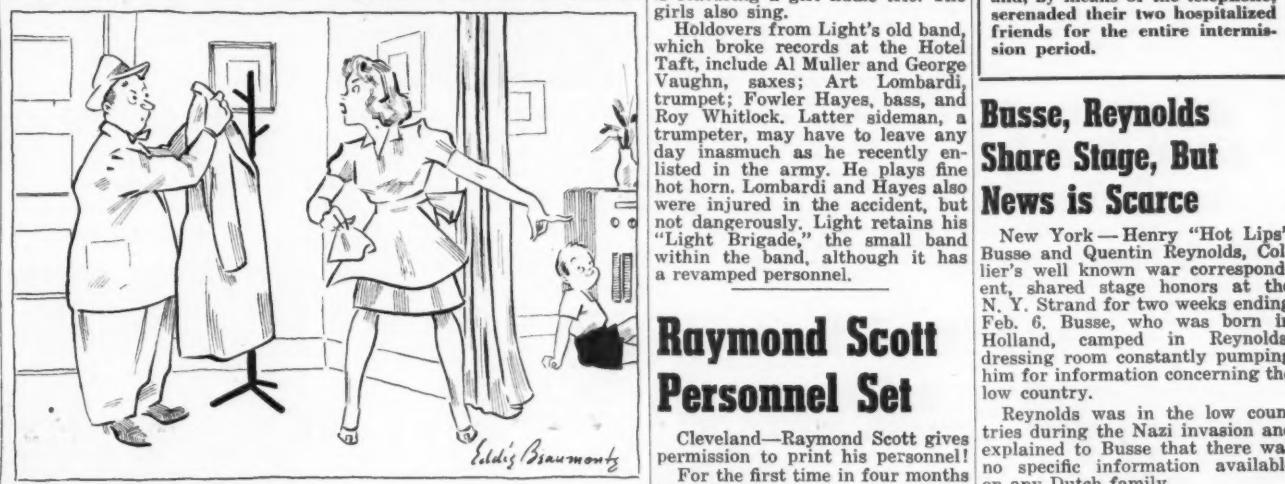
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"Chick Offered Two-Bits Weekly," is the following line: "Freddy Martin wanted to take her with his band to Catalina," says Steve. "Guess what he offered her—\$25 a week!"

Because of the many letters I have received criticizing my alleged offer, I feel extremely irritated at the printing of this base untruth. I have nothing at all against girl singers, but in the nine year history of my orchestra I have never carried one. Not only have I never offered a girl singer a job at any time, but to print that I made such a ridiculous offer to anyone connected with the business

of faking. I am not a longhair nor am I siding with Vaughn Monroe, who, our didactic upstart says, "is not my kind of band." But I am burnt up over the fact that Frazier pans bands like Miller, Shaw and a dozen other good ones, in order to create comment about himself and thus force himself into the company of "critics."

Monroe has a fine band and good solo men; they are still young and have attracted considerable attention.



Lately, every time I threaten him with the bogeyman, he says, "If you mean that cat, Meade Lux, bring him on!"

tion. Our party got quite a kick out of Frazier (in a far from rational state of mind and in a bad mood, probably due to girl-friend trouble) digging the Monroe band and later disparaging it.

HENRY ROBINSON

'Extremely Irritated'—
Freddy Martin

Hollywood, Calif.

To the Editors:

In the December 15 *Down Beat* there is a story by Bob White on the merits of Steve Swedish's orchestra. Under the sub-head,

is unjust and detrimental to my reputation.

FREDDY MARTIN

Down Beat does not knowingly print false statements or credit any musicians or band leader with saying what he has not said. Obviously either Steve Swedish or Freddy Martin is mistaken in this instance, and *Down Beat* has been an unwitting victim of whichever statement is erroneous. We apologize to the compromised maestro.—EDS.

Dozens of pictures are splattered through every issue of *Down Beat*. And the news is the hottest, now with Dave Dexter, Jr., covering the New York beat. Don't miss an issue this year.

Three Girls
Star in New
Light Combo

New York—Looking "sharp" and having the job, Enoch Light opened at Arcadia Ballroom Jan. 29 for a 2-week "break-in job" with his new orchestra. Light, who nearly died of injuries received in a motor crash nearly a year ago, is featuring a girl fiddle trio. The girls also sing.

Holdovers from Light's old band, which broke records at the Hotel Taft, include Al Muller and George Vaughn, saxes; Art Lombardi, trumpet; Fowler Hayes, bass, and Roy Whitlock. Latter sideman, a trumpeter, may have to leave any day inasmuch as he recently enlisted in the army. He plays fine hot horn. Lombardi and Hayes also were injured in the accident, but not dangerously. Light retains his "Light Brigade," the small band within the band, although it has a revamped personnel.

Raymond Scott
Personnel Set

Cleveland—Raymond Scott gives permission to print his personnel.

For the first time in four months Scott has his band fairly well set. Although it is vastly different from the band which he left New York with last July, Artie Ryerson on guitar; Benny LaGasse, lead alto, and Stan Webb, tenor, remain with him. Others in the band are:

He. Sam Jackie (Guitar Man) Hall, Ralph Meyer, trumpet; Eddie Kolver, Sam Levine, trombones; Hawk Hogan, alto; Herbie Fields Raines, tenor; Carl Maus, drums; Mike Rubin, bass; Don Tiff, piano. Vocalists now are Clyde Burke and Gloria Hart.

The new Scott quintet includes Hall, LaGasse, Rubin, Webb, and Scott at the piano. LaGasse plays clary in the small group. The band has been playing theaters and one-nighters since leaving Chicago's Blackhawk in January. Scott has asked newsmen to "lay off" printing the lineup of his band until "I'm sure I'm pretty well satisfied with the musicians."

We're Human

Baltimore—If you ever knew anybody who might have cracked that a musician "ain't got a heart," tell him this one: Not long ago a man and his wife, regular patrons of the El Patio club here and fans of the Kiki Garcia rhumba combo, were seriously injured in an auto accident. They were sent to the hospital. Every night they were in it Garcia and the boys, during their intermission, got together in the office of the club and, by means of the telephone, serenaded their two hospitalized friends for the entire intermission period.

Busse, Reynolds
Share Stage, But
News is Scarce

New York—Henry "Hot Lips" Busse and Quentin Reynolds, Collier's well known war correspondent, shared stage honors at the N. Y. Strand for two weeks ending Feb. 6. Busse, who was born in Holland, camped in Reynolds' dressing room constantly pumping him for information concerning the low country.

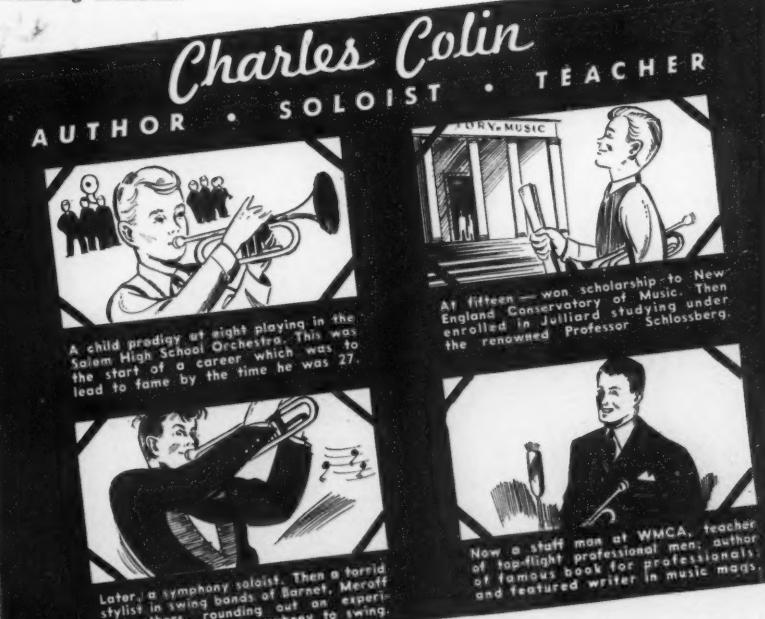
Reynolds was in the low countries during the Nazi invasion and explained to Busse that there was no specific information available on any Dutch family.

SHORTY CHEROCK

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Men Behind the Bands

★ William Moore, Jr. ★

BY LEONARD G. FEATHER

Protege of Sy Oliver, former butcher's clerk, and now hailed as the year's greatest arranging discovery, William Moore, Jr., has an extraordinary case history.

Strangest of all is his lack of practical experience. He has never played an instrument in a dance band, though he can play enough piano to work out his scores from the keyboard. Except for three months' study of arranging, his only teachers have been time and a natural gift for music.

Delivery Boy

Born in 1917 in Parkersburg, W. Va. ("Just across the river from Sy"), Moore came to New York at thirteen. He was in the butcher's shop seven years, on 131st St. and 7th Ave., starting as a delivery boy and ending as a clerk. As a sideline he studied the classics, and his fondness for Chopin led to an occasional attempt at composition in this idiom.

The first arrangement he ever had performed was one of *I Love You Truly* which he took in mid-1938 to Mike Riley, who turned it down. Moore sold it for \$4 to a small Harlem band. For about a

year he wrote for a couple of little-known groups uptown, until one evening, listening to Lunceford's band, he approached Sy Oliver.

"Sy gave me a lot of encouragement and heard some of my work. Then a little later when he decided to quit the band, he recommended me to Jimmie to take his place. That first number I made for them—*You Can Fool Some of the People*—I could never have finished it without Sy's help."

Savitt Signs Him

After this first effort, Moore had many of his arrangements waxed by Lunceford: *Belgium Stomp*; *I'm in an Awful Mood*; *I Want to Hear Swing Songs*; *What's Your Story Morning Glory*; *I Got It*; *Chopin Prelude No. 7*; *Bugs Parade*; *Monotony in Four Flats*; *Let's Try Again*; *Barefoot Blues*; *Pretty Eyes*.

Not long ago word began to get around downtown about Moore. Jan Savitt signed him up; through



Ralph Hawkins Gets Up Own Small Combo

BY WHITEY BAKER

Washington, D. C.—Ralph Hawkins, the ex-Harry James and Artie Shaw drummer, has formed a very solid little combination for club dates around town. Toby Tyler, former Krupa and Woody Herman trombone; Charlie Frankauer, who has been with Glenn Miller and Krupa; Bob Heimer, tenor; Tris Hauer, trumpet, and Sammy Marks on piano make up the band.

The guys say Eddie Beaumont is the only cartoonist in the game who really catches the spirit of the profession. Dig Eddie in virtually every issue of the Beat.

Red Nichols' New Sax Section



Chicago—Gathering together some of this city's finest jazzmen, Red Nichols got under way with a band again after a layoff of some three months. Still booked by Frederick Brothers, Red is operating out of Chi and is now doing a batch of road dates in south central states. His saxmen, caught on a Milwaukee date recently by photog Gordon Sullivan, are, left to right, Rae De Geer, Verne Yocom, Jack Gaylo and Ray Schultz. Homer Bennett is at rear left on bass and Bob Harrington on drums at right rear.

Mixed' Red Norvo Band to Cafe Society

New York—Red Norvo and a new small combo which will probably include a couple of Negro musicians are set to open at Barney Josephson's swank new Cafe Society, uptown, following the Teddy Wilson band, which leaves for Chicago's Pump Room this week.

Norvo, who has been on the road for the past couple of months with a "small big" band of ten men, felt it would be better to take the Cafe Society date and cut a few men in order to rebuild his national prominence via the date at the smart uptown spot. Fletcher Henderson, originally considered to follow Wilson, will stay on at Roseland ballroom.

WHERE IS?

CECIL "DUKE" BELL, saxophonist, formerly with Louis Lidenon's orchestra?

BEA PALMER, singer and dancer?

DAVE BEREND, teacher and author of several publications?

"SNUB" POLLARD, formerly trumpet man with Red Nichols?

CARL UNGER, tenor saxophonist?

RAY BARR, pianist, formerly with Ray Morgan?

JOE MOONEY, arranger and accordionist, formerly with Frank Dalley, Buddy Rogers, etc.?

RAY RIZZONE, violinist, about 1932 or 1933?

DICK WILLIAMS?

GRADY "MOON" MULLINS of the Southern Gentlemen orchestra?

WE FOUND...

Hall Replaces Kmen

New York—Sleepy Hall moved into the Homestead Hotel in Kew Gardens, L. I., replacing Tut (Hank) Kmen's band.

JIMMY FARRELL is vocalist and guest director at the Hotel Gramatan, Bronxville, N. Y.

JOE LIGART, trumpet, can be reached at 2724 N.W. 36th street, Miami, Fla.

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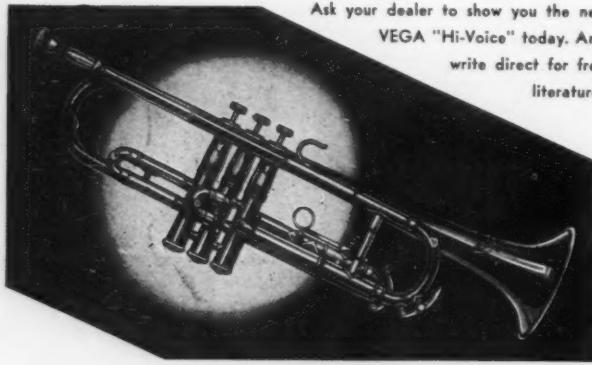
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Kemp Albums Spark New Record Releases

And Eight Earl Hines Sides Get Top Praise in Dexter's Reviews

BY DAVE DEXTER, JR.

Hal Kemp is gone and those who didn't know him won't have much to remember his work by, except for records his orchestras made down through the years. Few American dance units maintained a standard of popularity which the lean, soft-spoken Carolina saxophonist held from 1930 to that December night in 1940 when a fast-moving motor car crashed into Hal's, fatally injuring him and bringing to a sudden end a career which stacked up with the best of 'em in the business.

Two Kemp Albums Good

It's fitting, and timely, then, that both Victor and Columbia have released memorial albums of Hal's best waxings. Dyed-in-the-wool Kemp followers should get both. For others less devoted to the Kempian style, either album will suffice. Victor's collection (F-51) shows the band during its 1937-40 period, and includes an excellent booklet listing personnel and biog material compiled by Mel Adams, for 10 years a close friend of Hal's. Columbia's package (C-42) is more historical, going back to 1932 and including *Got a Date With An Angel*, *Dinner For One Please*, *James, There's a Small Hotel, Where or When, You're the Top, Lullaby of Broadway*, *The Gentleman Doesn't Believe and I've Got You Under My Skin*.

The Victor pressings are *Got a Date With An Angel* (a later version than Columbia's of Kemp's theme, both with Skinnay Ennis vocals); *Remember Me, In Dutch With the Duchess, In an 18th Century Drawing Room, Speak Your Heart, Lamplight, Whispers in the Dark, and Love for Sale*. Both albums are beautifully designed, sell for the same ante and are musically impeccable, if not jazzy. *Le Hot* followers can skip 'em and try another album, by Earl Hines (Columbia C-41), which includes six piano solos and two band sides.

Earl Hines Album Socko

The solos are *57 Varieties, I Ain't Got Nobody, Caution Blues, A Monday Date, Down Among the Sheltering Palms and Love Me Tonight*. With band, Earl does *Rosetta* (a new master with a full Hines chorus instead of Walter Fuller's vocal) and *Deep Forest*, his theme, issued only in Europe

until now. All eight are Grade-A etchings by a man who knows a keyboard as do few others, white or colored. *Nobody*, in fact, must rate as one of the very best solo 88 performances in history—not forgetting his Q. R. S. classics (in HRS album now) which up until now have been the Earl's best individual efforts available.

Hodges on Soprano Sax

You can't overlook Ellington, even where there are no records by his aggregation on the list. So spin *Junior Hop* (BBird 11021) and *Day Dream*, by Johnny Hodges' small group out of Duke's unit, for tasteful, gorgeously-scored jazz with more than generous portions of Hodges' soprano, on *Hop*, and alto. *Dream* smacks of Duke's *Warm Valley* (Victor) and convinces one of Billy Strayhorn's arranging talents. *Hop* is at faster, bounce tempo. And there's a brief bit of Lawrence Brown's trombone to make both 100 per cent acceptable.

Butterfield on Muggsy Kick

When the Quail Come Back to San Quentin and Dr. Livingstone, I Presume? are titles—listed as originals—by Artie Shaw's Gramercy Five. On Victor 27289, they show a mess of undeniably excellent Shaw clary, Butterfield trumpet (the man's still on a Muggsy kick—but good) and Al Hendrickson electric guitar. Johnny Guarneri gallavants around on a harpsichord but the impression one gets is that his contributions, both solo and in ensembles, would be more easily digested if performed on a piano. Both tunes are at brisk tempo, sport a good beat, and include trite, oft-heard riffs which Goodman would never use. Artie is more potent, with big band and small group, on show tunes and evergreens.

Clinton Stresses Vocals

Larry Clinton's Bluebird band leans heavy on vocal treatment, judging from *Rockin' Chair* and *Nobody Knows My Troubles*. Peggy Mann gives with the lyrics of both with saxist Butch Stone getting an assist credit on the Hoagy Carmichael standard. The band sounds good—especially the 5-way sax chorus on *Chair*, split with trumpet—and Mann sings better than most fem stand-decorators. But the kicks aren't there. On BBird 11018.

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Seger Ellis Big Surprise

Kicking around in the middle-west, and deserving better, if his *When It's Sleepy Time Down South and No Jug, No Jazz* (Okeh 5966) are a criteria, is Seger Ellis. *Sleepy* is just—that—sleepy and slow, with a really good vocal by Ellis' wife, Irene Taylor. Flipover is a stomper, and kicks nicely with more than one instrumental—and anonymous—solo. Tony Pastor's *Paradiddle Joe* (BBird 11008) on the other hand is a showcase for drummer Johnny Morris and his sticks. Tony sells the song on his vocal—clever but not for the rabid jazzhounds. Kid drummers may en-

output are four sides, each 10-inches, by Eddie Condon and his pickup band, a motley outfit which has Fats Waller on piano parading under the name of "Maurice." Titles are *Pretty Doll, Oh Sister Ain't That Hot, Georgia Grind and Dancing Fool* (Com. 535-536) and the personnel comprises besides the leader's guitar, and Waller, Marty Marsala, cornet; Pee Wee Russell, clary; George Brunies, trombone; Art Shapiro, bass; George Wettling, drums. The stuff this gang engraved won't appeal only to the purists, but also to many musicians who feel like getting kicks from a loudspeaker—especially



Benny Carter's Reed Section on his recent Bluebird record date sported this quintet of aces. Left to right in the pic are George Irish, tenor; Bill White, baritone; Carter on lead alto; George Dorsey, alto, and Fred Mitchell on tenor. Shortly after this date, a couple of the boys joined Fletcher Henderson for rehearsals with his new band. Carter's band is currently at Nick's in the Village.

joy Morris' raucous skin-beating demonstrations. *Adios* is the backer—only so-so but well done considering the material.

Helen Ward Back on Wax

In the center of the groove, even if not up to his old Brunswicks with Billie Holiday's song-selling, are Teddy Wilson's *Embraceable You* (Columbia 35905) and *I Never Knew*, both with Helen Ward lyric-interpolations. Helen sounds the nuts after too long an absence; she'll sound better with her "return to the studio" jitters gone. Benny Morton's trombone also helps, but that Wilson Steinway style is the whole show. Don't pass it up at four-bits.

Cootie-BG Combine Talents

Cootie Williams gets a break on Benny Goodman's *Benny's Bugle* (Columbia 35901) and *As Long as I Live* in a sextet arrangement which jumps. Benny blows his heart out, playing much differently than he did five years ago. Check his old Victors and see. Cootie's horn is too much, and spots of Charlie Christian's guitar are not overdone. Basic sounds better with his own group but he's welcome here, too. Unlike Shaw, Benny knows good taste when it comes to a chamber jazz group. Trouble is, both are poorly recorded. But the stuff's here and a turntable spin will prove it.

Waller on Eddie Condon Wax

Milton Gabler's untiring efforts to promote good jazz (he's now sponsoring Sabbath bashes weekly on West 52nd street in New York) are responsible for a new batch of superior jazz on Gabler's own red Commodore label. Newest of the

with the radio situation being what it is.

Also recommended are Lee Wiley's *Sugar* and *Down to Steamboat Tennessee* sides on Commodore 1507 (12 inches) with Muggsy Spanier's cornet and Jess Stacy's pianostylings making up for Wiley's occasional *faux pas* in the vibrato and upper range departments. The gal feels it and comes out on top even if she's no Bailey, and Muggsy and Jess are in the center of the target from the first groove to the label. Still another Gabler disc (Commodore 534) complementing an earlier pairing is the one featuring Joe Bushkin, solo, pianoing *Blue Chips* and *In a Little Spanish Town*. Joey's touch is unique, and while he prefers pretty treble figures to barrelhouse, gutbucket rhythm in the Zack or Pete Johnson tradition, he knows what's good and gets it on wax. Two swell solos which even Sharon Pease would grade somewhere above 18-karat.

New Bing Crosby Album

So Bing Crosby won't sing BMI songs on the air... hear him sing the kind of material he likes best in Decca's (album 181) "Star Dust" collection, all sung by Bing. Titles are *Star Dust, Deep Purple, Just One Word of Consolation, Dear Old Girl, Swing Low, Darling Nellie Gray, The One Rose, The Lonesome Road, I Cried For You, My Melancholy Baby, A Blues Serenade and S'Posin'*, all evergreens and very commercial, but still Crosby. John Scott Trotter lends admirable instrumental accompaniment.

Decca, come to think of it, now is installing thousands of bucks worth of new recording equipment in New York. Studios are being repainted and the entire Kapp organization is hopping keeping up with orders for the 35-cent blue label which since 1933 has become internationally known. Late Dec-

ca release which merits attention is Wingy Carpenter's *Preachin' Trumpet Blues* (Decca 8519). Wingy is a one-armed Negro. In order to get his plunger effect he sets his horn in a makeshift wooden stand and by pushing his horn with his mouth into a mute, obtains a Spanier-like effect worth hearing. Backing is Bob Pope's *That's All I Ask of You*. It's just a backing.

Two Kirk Sides Pashy

The Andrews Sisters break it up on two Don Raye-Hugh Prince boogie composts from the new pic *Buck Privates*. On Decca 3598, they are *Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy* and *Bounce Me Brother With a Solid Four*, Vic Schoen and a Hollywood pickup band supporting. Typical A. S. biscuits, well done, but a little on the trite side. Have they already forsaken their new *Mean to Me* style which clicked so well in the coin machines?

Andy Kirk gives Henry Wells, lead trombonist, top billing on *I Feel This Way Tomorrow* and *Or Have I?* on Decca 3582. Two ASCAP tunes, neatly sung by Wells, and note the pretty backgrounds. And the army influences is showing strong on wax already. Sheets Tolbert emphasizes it on *Draftin' Blues* (a Maceo Pinkard special) and *Bugle Blues*. But it's a rough little group, Yack Taylor is no song-seller, and unless the cash is handy and plentiful there's no sense squandering it on records of this nature. Decca 8516.

And there's more to come in the next Beat.

Mildred Bailey Jack Teagarden On Decca Wax

New York—Mildred Bailey, after nearly six months of inactivity in record studios, returned to wax last week at Decca's 57th street studios with an instrumental quartet. The move marks her change from Columbia to the Decca label. Decca officials, by allowing Mildred a wide choice of tunes, expect her newest sides to out-sell any of her

previous ones. Her contract calls for her selecting her own musicians on each date.

Jack Teagarden's band also is Decca property now. The Texas trombonist recorded his first sides Jan. 31, including *Dark Eyes*, Rachmaninoff's *Prelude in C-Sharp Minor*, *Big Tea Stomp* and an original blues, with vocal by Teagarden, called *Blues to the Lonesome Road*. Jack's entire band took part. The band now is touring in the south under direction of Paul Wimbish.

Victor Signs 6 New Symps

New York—Victor Records announce the pact of six as yet un-Victored symphony orks and two smaller symphonic groups. The big ones are the National Symphony of Washington, D. C. (Hans Kindler), the Indianapolis (Fabien Sevitzky), The Cincinnati (Eugene Goossens), the San Francisco (Pierre Monteux), the Toronto (Sir Ernest MacMillan), and the two smaller ones are the Graduate Orchestra of the National Orch. Assn. (Richard Korn) and the Philadelphia Chamber String Sinfonietta, under Fabien Sevitzky. Victor now has 56 different groups on its Red Seal label.

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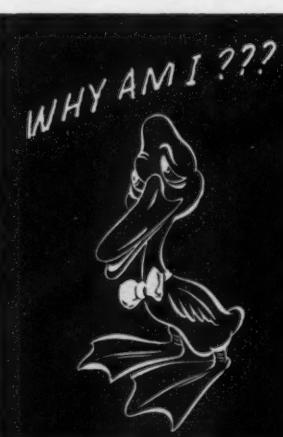
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The new diana (see) has arrived. Keith Holst Avakian a checked the personnel and clarinet). Eddie Cond Krupa (drum) chorus is due clarinet soloist, although register, has Cless as Tenor sax chorus. the side. An You Cry. It is from the issued Okeh issue.

Collector Cordesman, advertising academic less been in the Chicago since on clarinet, and plays J of Zutie, when to concave



BY GEORGE HOEFER, JR.
(2 East Banks, Chicago)

Johnny Dunn was mowed down by Bubber Miley in one of Harlem's most famous carving contests at the Lafayette Theater in 1926. From that point on to his death in 1937, Dunn disappeared into the obscurity of various European cabaret bands, and deprived the collectors of another horn man to dig. Dunn recorded prolifically in the early days and some of his waxings indicate he was ahead of his time.

Headwaiter's Son

Dunn was born down Memphis way, the son of Simon Dunn, one of the most popular headwaiters the Peabody Hotel has ever boasted. When W. C. Handy's "Dixie to Broadway Revue" left Memphis many years ago it carried in its entourage three "names" to hot jazz collectors. There were Johnny, Buster Bailey and the washboard wizard, Jasper Taylor (now reported in the shoe repair business in Chi).

Johnny cut out from W. C. in New York and joined forces with Perry Bradford on gigs and recordings. Soon the dapper Memphis cornetist felt that Perry was taking him, so he left Manhattan with Mamie Smith's Jazz Hounds who were not to have Hawkins and Joe Smith for a couple of years. After two years Mamie and Johnny split and the latter continued as Johnny Dunn and His Jazz Hounds, featuring Edith Wilson. Mamie got another band with Hawk and Joe.

World's Highest-Paid

When Dunn returned to New York, Lew Leslie hired him to play his Blackbird shows. Johnny was always highlighted and was reputed to be the highest paid trumpet player in the music world at that time. His trip to Europe with the 'Birds fascinated him so that in 1928 when he had the choice of returning abroad or joining Charles Elgar's band in Chicago he chose the former.

From then on he gigged the length and breadth of the Old World until that day in the American Hospital in Paris (1937) that the scourge of the musician "TB," took its toll. Johnny saved a thousand dollars once to return home to see his sick mother but he couldn't get the money out of the country he was in at the time.

Floyd Campbell, Chicago drummer and band leader, who is Dunn's brother-in-law, has given the Hot Box these interesting facts.

The new Tesch discovery, Indiana (see Hot Box Dec. 1, '40) has arrived in the U. S. from Keith Holst of Australia. George Avakian and Rod Clegg have checked the side and identify the personnel as follows: Tesch (alto & clarinet), Joe Sullivan (piano), Eddie Condon (banjo), and Gene Krupa (drums). The last clarinet chorus is definitely Tesch and the clarinet solo before the last chorus, although played in the middle register, has been identified by Clegg as Tesch, as was the alto sax chorus. Columbia may issue the side. Another fact checked was the reverse, *I'm Sorry I Made You Cry*. Holst was mistaken as it is from the same master as the issued Okeh and the U.H.C.A. release.

Collector's Catalogue: Harry Cordesman, Chapel Hill, N. C., an advertising agency art director on academic leave at U. of N. C. Has been in the collecting game around Chicago since 1930. Noodles around on clarinet, beats a little drum, and plays piano. Personal friend of Zutie, who used Harry's kitchen to concoct his famous Chicken

Gumbo for habitues of the Three Deuces. Interests are general with emphasis on Armstrong and Teagarden.

Jerry Dalton, 225 W. Main St., Wilmington, Ohio. Factory worker and ardent collector of Moten, Jelly-Roll, Oliver, Clarence Williams and miscellaneous bands of 1925 to 1931.

Calvin H. Buckalew, 1601 East 2nd St., Tulsa, Okla. Benny Goodman fan and collector. Puts out a dealer's list.

Drive off the wax: The Teagarden item mentioned in Scholl's Discog. (Beat for Jan. 15, '40) with Cloverdale Country Club cork playing *Chances Are* is on Okeh 41551, master number 405143; Piron's orchestra (Box Jan. 15) recorded for Columbia as well as Victor, making *Bright Star Blues* and Sidney Bechet's *Ghost of the Blues* on Columbia 99-D, according to John Reid of Mount Healthy, Ohio. Bob Sales reports Edmonia Henderson, who recorded race records back when, is now an Evangelist preacher in a Louisville church. Sales is a one-man Jazz Gestapo; maybe he can find the missing Romeo Nelson. Frank Holland of Cleveland has a new wrinkle in listing his records for trade and sale, he sends out blueprints of his list.

Solo for a short month: George Mitchell on Jelly Roll Morton's *Doctor Jazz*, Vic 20415—Yes, Punch Miller and the Box errred.

Collaborators



Chicago—Figuring that they might as well hop on the composing wagon, since everybody else in the profession (and out) is doing it, actress Mitzi Green and maestro Griff Williams get their heads together to bat one out. Mitzi's a lyricist and Griff, whose band has two weeks to go at the Stevens Hotel, writes the tunes.

Disc Sales at All-Time Peak

New York—Production of phonograph records has reached an all-time high, even exceeding that of the early 1920's, according to Victor-Bluebird, Decca and Okeh-Columbia waxworks execs. Night and day shifts at pressing plants are common and Decca's New York office, so swamped with orders for waxings, has temporarily stopped servicing writers of record reviews in the daily papers.

General consensus is that the year 1941 will see more records—both pops and classical—than in any other year in the phonograph's history. Popularity of the coin-operated phonograph is said to be largely responsible, along with the increased interest in bands on the part of the disc-buying public.

4 Jazz Sides by Woody Herman for The Coin Machines

New York—Making a strong attempt to "corner" the coin-operated phonograph market, Woody Herman, his 7-man Woodchoppers group and his 4-man Chips unit last week recorded four "specials" for Decca, soon to be released.

Most Popular Records in the Coin Machines

SONG

FIRST CHOICE

SECOND CHOICE

1—I Hear a Rhapsody	Jimmy Dorsey, Decca	Benny Goodman, Columbia
2-The Last Time I Saw Paris	Dick Jurgens, Okeh	Tony Martin, Decca
3-It All Comes Back to Me Now	Hal Kemp, Victor	Eddy Duchin, Columbia
4-High on a Windy Hill	Gene Krupa, Okeh	Jimmy Dorsey, Decca
5-Frenesi	Artie Shaw, Victor	Woody Herman, Decca
6-It Makes No Difference Now	Bing Crosby, Decca	
7-A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square	Bing Crosby, Decca	Glenn Miller, BBird
8-There I Go	Will Bradley, Columbia	Kenny Baker, Victor
9-Along the Santa Fe Trail	Glenn Miller, BBird	Dick Jurgens, Okeh
10-You Might Have Belonged to Another		Tommy Dorsey, Victor
11-Alexander the Swoose	Art Kassell, Victor	

Compilations are obtained from *Down Beat's* reporters in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles, who each week check the major distributors of discs for the coin-operated phonograph trade, and for correspondents in six smaller cities selected at random.

EVERGREENS

Records in this classification are year in and year out nickel nabbers, always consistent, always good earners. Three to five of these should be in every machine.

RAY NOBLE: *Blue Danube*, Victor. Noble is always good, and this combination of Strauss and Noble is better.

HENRY BUSSE: *Hot Lips*, Decca. It's about six years old now, but they still eat up Busse's rootie-tootie muted trumpet theme.

ARTIE SHAW: *Begin the Beguine*, tune which "made" Artie is still socko in most machines and a good 'un to have around. Bluebird.

TOMMY DORSEY: *Marie*, which T. D. made a national hit in '37, looms strong even today. Victor.

WILL GLAHE: *Beer Barrel Polka* still stands as the most potent of all bar-room discs. Victor.

"SLEEPERS"

Records in this classification include unusual tunes, or unusual versions, which are proving surprises or "sleepers" in many locations. Any one of these may overnight break into the "favorites" class above. Operators and musicians are urged to hear them because of their "different" ideas and performances.

JIMMY DORSEY: What may be the biggest seller this band has ever had is a Toots Camarata version of the Latin song *Amapola*, on Decca, which rounds out as a definitely strong, commercial phonograph pace-setter. Strength of the record is in the vocal. Bob Eberly starts the side in a slow vein. Suddenly the band picks up, the rhythm changes, Dorsey's alto cuts through, and Helen O'Connell enters to give a second version of how the lyrics should be handled, at faster, more rhythmic tempo. Idea of two contrasting vocals is unique, the melody is pretty and easily remembered, and the band's backgrounds superb—not too heavy to distract from the lyrics. Ops can't miss on this one although it hasn't had time yet to show up, only having been released a few days.

DICK JURGENS: *The Last Time I Saw Paris* gets sympathetic treatment from this Chicago band. Buddy Moreno's vocal could be better but the beauty of the arrangement and the tune itself—fast gaining popularity—makes this Okeh disc a good bet to garner nickels on any location.

BENNY GOODMAN: *Taking a Chance on Love* is Benny's best coin-machine attempt in months. Helen Forrest's capable job on the lyrics and a melodious, well-performed instrumental backing make this disc sure-fire. On Columbia.

The 'Choppers' made Bennie Morton's old *South and Fan It*, long a Woody Herman theater specialty, while the Ellington-Tizol compo comprising the leader on clarinet, Pyramid and Cole Porter's *Begin the Beguine* were cut by the Chips, comprising the leader on clarinet, Walt Yoder, bass; Frank Carlson, drums, and Tom Linehan, piano.

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(2.) "Maybe it's my mouthpiece," said Jim. "Can you tell me of one that would help me obtain a brilliant tone on my Saxophone when I need it? I blow my head off and the power just doesn't come out."

(3.) "Yes, I can tell you of one that might help a little," I said. "But, I've got a better idea." "Oh, sure," he replies, "you want me to get one of your new Buescher Aristocrat Saxophones that just came out."

(4.) "Tell you what I'll do," says I. "I'll send you a new Buescher. Play it. Record with it. If it doesn't give you power and brilliance—plus a swell radio tone—there's no harm done." "O.K.," he says. "That's fair enough."

(5.) Two days later I got a call from Jim. "Come on out," he says. "I want you to hear our newest recording. You sure were right about that Buescher. Brilliant—plenty of kick when I need it—and what tone!"

(6.) "Man," he says, "WHY didn't you tell me about this before?" "Well," I replied, happily, "it's never too late." And with that Jim stepped up to the mike to take the next chorus on his new Buescher.

Discover all the playing supremacies of these superb new Bueschers. Send card today for name of nearest dealer and free trial information. Dept. 234 Buescher Band Instrument Company, Elkhart, Indiana.



• Trombone Tips •
Doubling Sax Won't
Bother Your Lip
By Murray McEachern

Of Paul Whiteman's Band

By this time, you all probably know that I have joined Paul Whiteman's new band. We've had a terrifically busy time rehearsing and getting the band set, besides all the summer clothes buying and packing for Florida. Let's hope the wrong answers to the right questions don't slip in here!

A letter from J. M. F., of San Francisco, asks if playing sax bothers my lip for trombone. A lot of musicians seem to think so. In my own experience I have never had that trouble, and consequently don't believe it's true. The main trouble is mental. When a guy switches from trombone to sax, his first thought is likely to be, "Wonder what this'll do to my lip?" That gives him the wrong start, of course, leading him into all sorts of wrong tracks.

Try Cold Cream

My advice on the subject would be, forget lip trouble—or rather, don't manufacture it. On the other hand, don't overdo it by practising six hours a day on sax. Muscles are bound to tire, no matter what horn you play. Common sense in this case, as in everything, is the best guide.

O. N. G., of Boston, writes: "First of all, congratulations on your new column! Hope it continues a long time. And now for my problem: I have a lot of trouble with my slide being of slow action. Can you offer any suggestions or remedies?"

First of all, O. N. G., let me say thanks for your congratulations. I certainly appreciate them, and hope the same as you hope. As for slow action slide trouble—taking for granted your horn is of any good standard make and in good condition, possibly it is the lubricant you are using. Have you tried cold cream? Apply as much as the tip of a match to each slide stocking, and spread evenly. If it seems too heavy, put a little water on the slide to thin the cream slightly.

Clean It First

Most important of all, though, is for you to clean the slide thor-

oughly before you lubricate it. Hope this will solve your difficulty. Thanks, all of you, for your swell letters. Keep 'em coming. They'll all get answered eventually! If you have any special phases of playing you'd like discussed, please tell me. Suggestions always help a writer (especially a trom-

The Show Must . . .

New York—Fred Keating, emcee at Cafe Society Uptown, thought his slight touch of flu a couple of weeks ago was pretty good gag material. So during one show he quipped, "Folks, right now I'm running a hundred and two. When I get to 110 I'm going to sell out." Whereupon he passed out cold. Customers thought it was a gag until Fred failed to rise and a couple of waiters had to carry him to a dressing room. He's all right again now.

bone-journalist!) put out a better column.

(*Murray McEachern's "Trombone Tips" are a regular feature of DOWN BEAT now. So trim men, shoot your queries in to Murray, care of DOWN BEAT, 608 S. Dearborn, Chicago. If you want personal answers be sure to include a self-addressed stamped envelope.* —EDS.)



• The Band Box •

Dick Lists More
Band Fan Clubs

By Dick Jacobs

And still the fan club info keeps coming in. So here are some more club prefixes:

TOMMY DORSEY FAN CLUB, Miss Harrison Plumbey, 93 Urban St., Buffalo, N.Y.
JACK TEAGARDEN CLUB, Mary Ann Cleala, 20 Water St. Lane, Fitchburg, Mass.
CHARLIE SPIVAK CLUB, Edith J. Brophy, 21 Water St. S., Natick, Mass.
CLYDE FOSTER CLUB, Dave Houser, 969 Hale Ave., San Leandro, Calif.
CLYDE BURKE CLUB, Margarettemary Doherty, 3931 Ridge & Allegheny aves., Philadelphia, Pa.

RADIO ECHOES FAN CLUB, (includes the following) **LANNY** and **WINSTON ROSS**, **ALICE FROST**, **ALEC TEMPLETON**, **JOHNNIE JOHNSTON**, **Marie DesChenes**, 72 Dedale St., Fitchburg, Mass.

JOHN GARFIELD CLUB, Margaret Sedlar, 2316 County Rd., Calumet, Mich.
HENRY JEROME CLUB, Blanche Gross, 64-1 Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn, N.Y.

JIMMY VALENTINE CLUB, Doris E. Cesare, 314 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.
GLENN MILLER CLUB, Harold Dublin, 229 East 18 St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

JIMMY VALENTINE CLUB, Margaret Blattner, 1658 Wallace Ave., Bronx, N.Y.
BUDDY CLARKE CLUB, Reta Landow, 3280 Rochambeau Ave., Bronx, N.Y. This Clarke is the orchestra leader, not the singer.

PHIL BRITO CLUB, Anna Mae Gilligan, 15 Oakland Pl., Brooklyn, N.Y.

BON BON CLUB, Robert F. Gise, 11 Front St., Nyack, N.Y.
COLEMAN HAWKINS CLUB, 3534 Park Ave., P.Q., Apt. 16.
CHARLES BAUM CLUB, 309 E. Loewen St., Bloomington, Ill.
WOODY HERMAN CLUB, George Santos, 396 Main St., New Rochelle, N.Y.
CLYDE BURKE CLUB, Ruth Vogel, 513 Hillside St., Ridgefield, N.J.
WRITERS SWING CLUB OF AMERICA (An exchange club for photos, autographs, and info.), Norman Brown, 321 Oakland St., Springfield, Mass.

Le Roy Gunterson, 1006 St. John Ave., Albert Lea, Minn. wants to join a J. Dorsey Club. Who can help him? . . . Maria Rabe, 8331 Geary Blvd., San Francisco, Calif., would like to correspond with fans and enthusiasts for some not-often-enough-featured sidemen. . .

Now, starting with next month's issue, we'll devote a paragraph or so to the activities of one club each month. We'll make it the CLUB OF THE MONTH DEPT. . . So let me know just what your club is doing and the most interesting letters bring home the bacon. . . So, until the next issue, when I hope we'll be able to answer some more queries on your favorite musicians. . . So long.

Letters to Dick Jacobs will reach him at **Down Beat**, 608 South Dearborn, Chicago. Send self-addressed, stamped envelopes for personal replies.—EDS.

Whiteman - Lieber Book Now Out

New York—"How to be a Band-leader," a book by Paul Whiteman and Les Lieber, is on the recommended list of the book of the month club for February. Lieber, along with Hal Davis, now handles Benny Goodman's publicity.

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Chicago, February 15, 1941

George

Wettling on Drums

Slipping in a Few
Latin-American Beats

By George Wettling

Florida, land of sunshine, oranges, bathing beauties, palm trees and alligators. And speaking of alligators, there are a few down here, too—Al Seidel with Bud Freeman; Tony Sbarbaro leading the Dixieland band at Singapore Sadie's; Paul Collins whippin' 'em with Jackson Tea at the Beach Theater in Miami, and we have quite a gator with us in the mighty fine rhumba rhythms. Willy Whiteman band in the person of Willy Rodriguez, a Puerto Rican lad who comes on with some

mighty fine rhumba rhythms. Willy has been kind enough to write out some of these rhythms for this column's readers, so here they are:

Fast Rhumba Rhythm



NOTE: Cowbell must be played sharp. By any means don't let it ring. H.T.-High Pitch Timbal. L.T.-Low Pitch Timbal.

La Conga Rhythm



x—Cym. (Chinese if possible.) Let it ring. H.C. - High tone Cowbell L.C. - Low tone Cowbell SD(m) - Snare Drum (muffled) BD - Bass Drum

Eats His Words



When Will Osborne announced last month that he was giving up the band business, Chaz Chase, vaude comedian who "eats everything," typed out a note to his friend, band leader Benny Meroff, saying that he'd eat his vowel mill if Osborne went through with it. Osborne did, so he (at right in pic) and Meroff (center) ganged up on Chase, and here they are cramming the typewriter down his throat. Dick Rogers now has the Osborne band. Meroff's stage production, "Funafire," has been on the road for months.

Hot Men Gather
At Cool Corners

Stockton, Calif.—Cool Corners here is where all the boys go to blow 'til daybreak after all the dances are over. The town's cats gather after their dates and knock themselves out. The spot is a little outside the city limits and there is no curfew on the noise.



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Sharappa at Shore

Asbury Park, N. J.—Pat Sharappa and his band are playing the Shore's Convention Hall Ballroom for the remainder of the season.

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 Complete Book \$1.00
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Chicago, February 15, 1941

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XUM



Royal Welcome to Jimmy Dorsey at his recent opening in the Cafe Rouge of Hotel Pennsylvania was given by Woody Herman (left) and Al Donahue, who were guests. Dorsey and his band, with Bob Eberly and Helen O'Connell, are doing record business at the hotel. Herman is at the New Yorker and Donahue is touring. *Pic by Otto Hess.*

Orchestration Reviews

BY TOM HERRICK

Hathaway Puts Life into 'Oldie'

The Moon Was Yellow

Published by B.V.C., arr. by Charlie Hathaway

Here's another revival tune from a few years back. Formerly played as a tango by many of the sweet bands of the early 30's, it now emerges as a full fledged swing-roo with the beat furnished by Mr. Hathaway. His intro, excellent as usual, gives a prettily phrased progressive figure to clarinet doubled with tenor in front of brass organ. Then the brass takes the first sixteen and last eight of the first chorus with duo figures by the sax, clarinet team. The sax section gets the lion's share of the second chorus and the chorus at E is broken up between brass and saxes. Reeds, with clarinet on top, give out with some nice stuff in the last cut chorus.

High on a Windy Hill

Published by BMI, arr. by Walter Paul

Here's one of the best of the new BMI tunes, Cole Porter style. 64 bars to this baby, so there's very little else in the arrangement besides the single repeat chorus and a 16-bar cut chorus at the end. Brass alternates the lead on the first chorus with a 3-clarinet-tenor background, nicely voiced. A very tuneful melody.

What's Cookin' Cookie?

Published by Forester, arr. by Paul Weirick

A novelty tune authored by Charles Newman and Allie Wrubel. Weirick detaches his sax figures from the brass lead in the first chorus, so that the brass melody may be left out in case of a vocal. Saxes and brass share the repeat and tenor takes the third chorus in front of ensemble figures. The last chorus kicks.

Moonlight and Tears

Published by Witmark, arr. by Jack Mason

Mason uses his new stock routine again with this arrangement. It consists of putting a 16-bar "special" chorus at the beginning, going into the full repeat and then directly into the last phrased chorus. This enables the band to go directly from the repeat chorus into the last without weak piano modulation in case they wish to eliminate the special or cut down on the length of the arrangement. On the second repeat chorus, which is ensemble, tenor gets a beautiful obligato which is really worthwhile if properly phrased. A smooth and a smooth arrangement.

The Wise Old Owl

Published by BMI, arr. by Van Alexander

Another from the repertoire of the new BMI catalog. It's a novelty song. After the repeat, which is split between brass and saxes, the

lead goes to second trumpet in the special chorus in front of rapidly moving sax figures. A 16-bar cut chorus takes it out.

Or Have I

Published by Crawford, arr. by Paul Weirick

After a legato intro and the usual repeat, Weirick gives his special to unison clarinets with brass and cup mutes filling in. The last chorus bends and swings. Not a bad tune—and a swell arrangement.

Hep-Tee-Hootie

Published by B.V.C., arr. by Toots Camarata

Jimmy Dorsey and Fud Livingston had a hand in this. The first part of the arrangement is mostly background for a vocal, but after the shenanigans, Toots reverts to the Dorsey style and throws the lead to ad lib alto with some off-beat brass figures that will prob-

ably throw the section the first time they play them. The last chorus is a lick affair with the brass answering the saxes. A good arrangement, if you like Jimmy Dorsey, and who doesn't?



Little Jazz' Jazzmen

are shown here on the jump. It's Roy Eldridge's Chicago combo, which is luring midwest cats from miles around to the Capitol Cocktail Lounge in the loop every night after hours. "Kansas" Fields is on drums, John Simmons on bass, be-spectacled Roy on the horn, and Dave Young on tenor. Pianist Rozelle Claxton didn't quite make the range of Ray Rising's pic-box.

ably throw the section the first time they play them. The last chorus is a lick affair with the brass answering the saxes. A good arrangement, if you like Jimmy Dorsey, and who doesn't?

Not So Long Ago

Published by Marks, arr. by Jack Mason

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Route Twenty-Three

Published by Leeds, arr. by Deane Kincaide

Kincaide, former Dorsey and Crosby arranger, does a good job with this original Al Donahue score of "Red" Allen's original tune dedicated to Frank Dailey's Meadowbrook, which is played by so many of the swing bands. He's an artist at creating new and unorthodox effect by breaking up sax and brass into unusual sections. For example, in the chorus at J the second alto on clarinet works with open trumpets while first alto joins the trombone on another figure. It's a "lick" tune and there's an abundance of improvised solos. Another Leeds "Original Manuscript."

Whoops!

One of the most unfeminine horns in the jazz business, Muggsy Spanier's, is being used as a motif for female dress design!

The story comes from Mary Nash of San Francisco, ardent well meaning Muggsyophile and his self-appointed press agent. According to her latest press release, Muggsy's recording of *Eccentric* inspired the creation of an "unusual afternoon dress" by a coast dress designer. And Muggsy's *At Sundown* has been made into a "knockout evening gown."

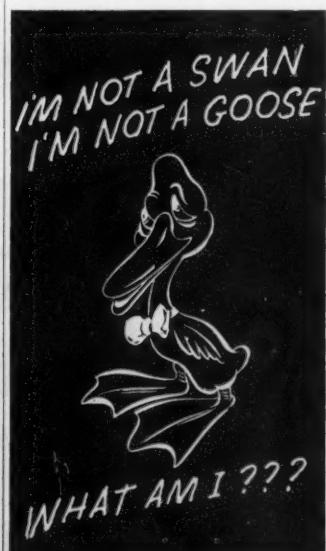
"Both are moderately priced," Mary's release points out.

But that ain't all. In Frisco there is a designer working on a "Muggsy Spanier Print, a solid background color with contrasting tiny trumpets and eighth notes printed on it. The design will be made up in both linen and silk materials, so that it can be worn for both formal and informal occasions."



Little Jazz' Jazzmen

are shown here on the jump. It's Roy Eldridge's Chicago combo, which is luring midwest cats from miles around to the Capitol Cocktail Lounge in the loop every night after hours. "Kansas" Fields is on drums, John Simmons on bass, be-spectacled Roy on the horn, and Dave Young on tenor. Pianist Rozelle Claxton didn't quite make the range of Ray Rising's pic-box.



Sax Problems

Know What You're Trying to Produce

By Norman Bates

Because I took an extended vacation, many of your letters were unanswered months late. Please accept my apologies. And now to begin this new series of articles:

Intelligent analysis of the physical problems involved in learning to play saxophone is one of the most important factors leading toward good musicianship and progress. Rountined practice to effect the physical circumstances necessary is another.

Two Kinds of Students

More than half the battle is having the right mental slant before you start practicing anything; know what you're trying to accomplish. In my opinion there are only two kinds of students, those who know what they're after but are unable physically to produce it, and those able to produce physically but who don't know what they're after.

I should like to point out two factors on the subject of learning how to practice: One, I cannot teach you something which you don't grasp first in your mind, and two, the surest and best way to grasp the objective is to break it down into simple easy elements. Let's do that:

AIR—Think about it: How many things it controls in your playing. What you can and must do with it before it's worth a damn as far as the horn's concerned. How does your air get its energy? Should the air be compressed or not as it hits the reed? Have you ever studied your air compression? Can you modulate the air steadily from the pit of the abdomen to the reed's edge under compression? Did you ever test your air endurance, first with compression and then without it? (You can easily answer this one by singing a long note vocally. You won't get far without a firm abdomen and compressed air.) Did it ever occur to you that the only creative energy needed for your horn is compressed air?

More 'Did You Know's'

Did you ever test your projection and placement of this compressed air at the reed's tip? Do you realize that if the air compression misses the reed's edge by one ten-thousandth of an inch it might as well miss it by 30,000

miles? Did you know that if the air compression and projection are propelling the reed at its maximum vibrations it moves between 700 and 800 times per second? What happens to the original air stream after it has been chopped to 800 spurts a second?

Did you ever think of the compressed air as having released its creative energy after it has the reed going at its maximum vibrations? Did you ever think that from here on the reed is what makes the tone? Do you know that once the air compression has the reed vibrating at its peak, no perceptible air comes out of the mouthpiece, and that once this happens it is only the reed's vibrations beating into motion the air already in the sax which makes a tone?

Think those points over so that you know what you're doing when you blow into your horn. And next month we'll take up the physics of embouchure, diction, tone, vibrato, dynamics and technique.

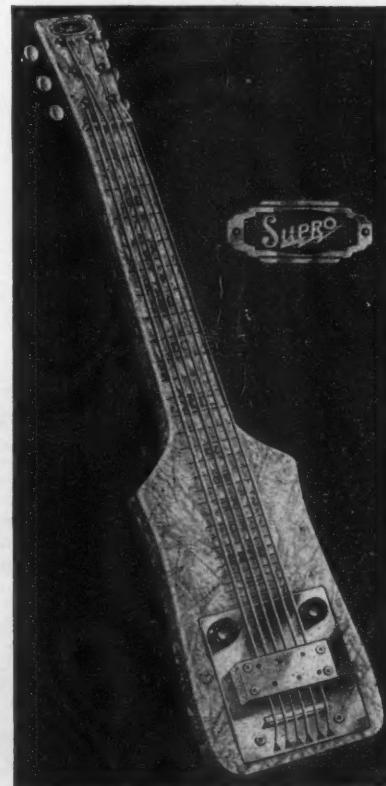
Hoefer—WCFL Deal

Chicago—At press time George Hoefer, Jr. was working with Bob Purcell, WCFL recorded ballroom emcee, and script writer Maurice Granger of *Movie and Radio Guide*, on a new record show script which, if it pans out, would feature *Down Beat's* "Hot Box" columnist along with Purcell in a 15-minute shot one evening each week.

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Another One to Add to Your Rare Old Jazz Pix



Ben Pollack, whom George Frazier in this issue calls one of the six "geniuses" in jazz music who can produce a great band out of mediocre talent, had plenty of fine talent with him when this shot was taken at the Park Central in Atlantic City 13 years ago, the summer of 1927. You recognize Teagarden on trombone, Goodman on clarinet, McPartland (next to Tea) on trumpet; Bauduc on drums, Gil Rodin on alto and Harry Goodman on

bass. Others are Eddie Bergman and Al Beller (who just left Artie Shaw for Richard Hember) on fiddles, Bill Shumann (now solo oboe man in New York symphony work) on cello, Larry Binyon on tenor, Ruby Weinstein on trumpet, Vic Breidis on piano and Dick Morgan on guitar. All the last four except Morgan (now doing studio work in Hollywood) are doing radio staff work in New York. *Down Beat* pic courtesy Ben Pollack.

Ted Locke on Criticism . . .

(Jumped from Page 8)

We have already decided that the prime requisite of criticism is intellect. And what does intellect demand of the critic? Why, good taste. And what is good taste? Philosophy gives us many definitions but they all may be summed up by saying that taste is a habit of correctly judging beauty and deformity in works of art, founded on the experience of emotions. And what an important word "correctly" is. All men have emotions. They are all stimulated by objects of beauty to form certain opinions.

But these opinions aren't always correct. Taste is a habit. The judgments that a person of taste passes upon works of art are rapid; he often forms an opinion of them instantaneously. Taste is not a distinct faculty, but a power that is acquired. An experienced accountant has only to glance at a column of figures to give the sum. A farmer has only to glance at a field to estimate the amount of fertilizer that his crop requires. It is the same in the decisions of taste. The person, who has the quality of taste, is immediately impressed with the excellencies and defects of a production of the arts at once. He takes into view the various circumstances which go to constitute its beauty or deformity with such quickness that it appears to be a single perception.

Delicacy in Taste

We may lay down two characteristics of good taste. The first is of course correctness. There are many ways of thinking. Only one is correct. Our opinions may be varied, they may be strictly personal, but they must be formulated with observances of the laws of logical thinking and in accordance with certain universal truths. In Jazz, as in other arts, there is that which is good, that which is definitely bad, and, lying in be-

tween, that which is neither. A good critic is immediately able to put a work of art into its correct classification.

The second characteristic of good taste is delicacy. A person of delicacy of taste notices those more refined beauties which are perceived only by cultivated minds. It marks the latent as well as the more obvious excellencies. It does not mistake deformity for beauty. It is able to detect a counterfeit however well executed.

How do we develop good taste? Of course as taste is a power it has to be born in us to a certain degree. To develop it is a matter of practise. It is only by listening to Jazz over a period of years, listening to the old as well as the new, keeping our minds open and in a receptive condition, that we are able to attain an excellency of judgment, and capable of forming opinions hastily and correctly. A thing of beauty should always produce the same emotion in us, regardless of the circumstances we find ourselves in at the time, and, until we are able to acquire that consistency of response, we are without taste.

Few Good Jazz Critics

A second requisite of criticism, although we may consider it under the heading of good taste, is an insight into the true spirit of an art. We are not so concerned with the vehicle as we are with the idea behind it.

Up to now Jazz has produced only a scant handful of critics worthy of even slight notice. This is an unfortunate condition as there are any number of intelligent men endeavoring to write Jazz criticism. They are quite sincere in their views and have a real love for Jazz. However, I'm afraid many of them know a little too much. They are so

steeped in other cultures they apply the standards and principals of other music to Jazz.

Jazz, as a Fine Art, stands alone. It has its own set of rules and regulations. It owes little to other musical systems. I am inclined to discount the influence of European music upon it. William Russell says in his excellent treatise "Technical Aspects of Jazz"; "Jazz is naturally the product of a mixture of many musical influences and contains sophisticated as well as primitive folk elements." Further on in his article he points out definite European influences as regards the scalar structure of Jazz, etc.

Jazz Is Subjective

I'm afraid a novice reading Mr. Russell will misunderstand his point. Mr. Russell is a thorough and accomplished musician in theory as well as practical application. He is able to carry his analysis to an advanced point of technical study, but from his personal tastes (the primitives . . . boogie-woogie and early Armstrong) we are able to discover that Mr. Russell believes that Jazz is something apart from other music and its evolution will lead in new directions. Admitted that there are certain European influences, remember that these are only of a physical character. In essence Jazz is thoroughly American.

Music has been called the most subjective of all the arts. Jazz may be called the most subjective of all the musics. It cannot be represented by any means of musical notation. It is utterly impossible for one performer to duplicate the musical genius of another. Jazz at its best is both simple and purely personal. It must represent and express the individual point of view of the performer. That is why the take-your-turn school of playing is the only way. Jazz arrangement suffices only to produce a setting for the soloist, and has never proved to be a medium for

Sepia Bash for Convo
In Seattle a Success

BY EDDIE BEAUMONTE

Seattle—"Look at that jam all over the floor," said the janitor of the Moore theater when interviewed here last week. "Why, if my Hilda and I could jar all that we wouldn't have to can a thing for the next two summers."

He was referring to what was left after close to a thousand jam-starved townfolk had made veritable gourmands of themselves at the benefit Jam Session sponsored by Seattle's colored local 493 to raise a fund for the entertainment of the visiting delegates to the AFM convention here in June.

"Stage Like Nightharp"

Thirty-five of Seattle's sharpest black and white cats cooked up such tasty jam that a great number of patrons regretted not bringing containers to tote a little home in for the kiddies. Some were even reported to be carrying it out loose in their pockets.

The stage was set like a nightharp with the cats all sitting around at tables. The first mixed jam rocked out with Frank Bufford, Punkin Austin, Milt Greene, Creepy Sohman, rhythm; Freddie Thompson, Herman Grimes, Bud Bovee, Kenny Cloud, brass; Aaron Davis, Dick Kraft, Larry Jerrick and William Childress, reeds; followed by a guitar jam featuring Banjorsky Adams, Al Mitchell and Milt Greene. A Royal Hawaiian jam led by Edmund Kamai gave a surprisingly good kick. Another mixed jam of Marion Fullmeyer, Arthur Bradford, Mark Pittman, rhythm; Banjorsky Adams, brass;

Glen Martin and Kenny Pinell, reeds, closed the first part.

Everybody in Finale

Smitty Smith, Junie Bradford, Tiny Martin, rhythm; Al Mitchell, Freddie Thompson, brass; and Dick Wells, reed, opened the second half ahead of a tenor jam of Larry Jerrick, William Childress, Aaron Davis, Dick Wells, Glenn Martin and Kenny Pinell. Beulah Bradford came on with a celeste solo followed by Palmer Johnson, and Eddie Zollman on twin grands. Tiny Martin, Creepy Sohman and Mark

One Better

Philadelphia—When station KYW here hiked its power from 10,000 to 50,000 watts two weeks ago, staff musician Martin Gabowitz wrote a new theme song, calls it *50,000 on the Red* (NBC network). Not to be outdone in originality in commemorating the event, staff organist Eric Wilkinson named his newborn son Kirk Yarwood Wilkinson; initials KYW.

Pittman jammed on bass ahead of a mixed jam showing Palmer Johnson, Jack Travis, Punkin Austin, rhythm; Herman Grimes, trumpet; Larry Jerrick, tenor, and Aaron Davis, clarinet. Vocals were by Connie Stephens and Pepper Nelly, who naturalized at emcee. Everybody jammed at the finale which left the place eighteen feet deep in the stuff as the mob trudged out.

Personnels

Bobby Ramos

Milt Grossman, Fred Reid, Joe Gist, Lester Bouchon, saxes; Marvin Weiss, trumpet; Emile Podesta, Paul Lynam, fiddles; Paul Liddell, bass; Maurice Lischen, drums; Ned Farber, piano, and Bobby fronts on vocals.

Emil Coleman

Stan Worth, Dave Drubeck, Charles Ferrari, Al Raskin, reeds; Louis My Rosenblum, trumpet; Joe Quartet, trombone; Ben Pober, Adolph Coleman, fiddles; Harry Coleman, bass; Gregory Coleman, guitar; Felix Rail, drums; Harry Smolin, piano and accordion, and Coleman fronts on piano.

Eddie Neibaur

Beany Wareup, Sammy Chumate, Bobby Smith, reeds; Frank Norton, trumpet; Eddie Kroekamp, accordion; Bill Foley, drums; Al Graham, drums; Carl Haseman, piano; Vivienne Stewart, vocals and Eddie Neibaur, front.

Baron Elliott

Andy Olesak, Babe Rhodes, Leo Ritchie, reeds; Jazzy Gurney, Leo Yagello, trumpet; Dick Mack, trombone; Bill Biskel, piano; John Bachman, drums; Michael Strange, guitar; John Reid, bass; Billy Coven, vocals and Elliott fronts on sax and vocals.

Mickey Ross

Frank Hull, Billy Owen, Art Goss, reeds; George Allison, Alex Powell, trumpet; Russell McCoudie, trombone; Harry Walton, piano; Pete Paladino, drums; Johnny Desclaf, bass, and Ross fronts on guitar.

Toasty Paul

Harold Wiegert, piano; Bob Nutting, sax, clarinet, fiddle; Chuck Redell, trumpet, vocals; Carl Bock, guitar, vocals; Bill Epple, drums; Lou Ashbrook, bass; Toasty Paul, reeds and front.

Lou Adrian

Sandy Runyon, Vic Bowen, Mike Simpson, Frank Angione, Leo Biegel, trumpet; Richard Cobhardt, trombone; Charlie Warner, drums; Rudy Wagner, piano; Red Farley, organ; Adrian Freiche, Irving Kay, piano; Earl Gaines, bass; Lou Adrian, front.

Don Hunter

Peter Malo, tenor; Pat Carroll, trumpet; Dick Stacy, piano; "Squeek" Stremo, tenor, and Hunter is on drums and sings.

Jack Tracy

Mike Redwine, Andy Barberella, Jim Harris, reeds; Johnny Coone, Milton Gould, Slim Burns, brass; Neal Armstrong, Bob Hall, Carlyle Schmitz, rhythm, and Tracy fronts.

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Chicago, February 15, 1941

News

DOWN BEAT

19

Plaster Casts Get Wayne King Autographs

BY BOB HANNON



Peoria, Ill.—Band leader Wayne King, who opens with his band at the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chi tonight (Feb. 15) and who begins a new commercial series for Armour's Luxor products on the 22nd, added to the long and varied list of objects he's autographed when he signed his name on the casts of two hospital patients here recently.

A railroad switchman who suffered a broken leg and a farmer who is recovering from a broken back in Methodist Hospital were cheered considerably by King's thoughtfulness.

Visiting a friend in the hospital during an engagement here, the maestro noticed the plight of the two men, chatted with them a while, then they asked for his autograph.

Basic Cleans Up, But Can't Take His Money Home

Toronto, Canada—Count Basie, on the basis of a jammed attendance at the Palais Royale here, shot over his guarantee by more than \$500. Trouble developed however, at the border, when the Basieites found themselves unable to cross the dividing line back to America with the shekels in their pockets. War regulations compelled the Count to leave his cash in Canada and have the money transferred at a later date. No cash was lost but tempers were strained. The Count is currently touring the South, moving into the mid-western territory in March, when the band opens a one-night engagement in Detroit, March 3rd.

E Dorado Is Houston Hot Spot

BY JACK DALY

Houston—Best jam sessions in town are the early Wednesday morning ones at the El Dorado, a colored spot. The sessions start at 4 a.m., and are attracting all of the town's best men. Two brass men are to be added to Bill Awall's combination at the Reno Club. Bernard Louis, the band's tenor man, plays about the best in this part of the country. And V. J. Bourgeois, New Orleans, drummer, does a fine job in the rhythm section. O. B. Johnson, Arch Haley's one-man brass section, looks lonesome in the 9-piece.

Frisco Hot Club In Second Year

BY DICK MILLS

San Francisco—The Hot Music Society of SF starts its second year with bright hopes. The jitterbug element has been eliminated and the club is really serious in bringing to good jazz the recognition it deserves out here. Besides a mimeographed rag each month, the club is going to release records to members and have sessions at the Pit Club, a musicians' hangout.

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Kres-Kut

Neal Bondshu an Oakland Comer

BY DAVE HOUSER

Oakland, Calif.—Latest aspirant for the reputation of big name leader from Oakland is Neal Bondshu, who took a band into the Persian Room of the Sir Francis Drake across the bay a few weeks back, and since then has registered solidly with the Drake patronage.

Neal had the favorite campus band of the U. of Cal. about three years ago. Then he had a band at the Lake Merritt Hotel for a year and a half. Until the Drake job came up he had been with Carl Ravazza. Neal plays piano. Ex-Kay Kyser and Freddie Martin vocalist, Bill Stoker, is working with him. Stoker runs a music studio in Frisco. Vicky Lang, who is Mrs. Bondshu off the stand, chirps with the band.

'Round the Square: A number of local bands are trying to corral Jack Frediani, young tenor vocalist, who gave up singing opera some time ago to try his hand—or voice—at pop fare. Currently Jack is recovering from a throat operation. . . Best swing band in the East bay is Paul Tone's 12-piece combo. With Tone on tenor and Don Fraga playing a lot of trumpet, the band deserves better breaks than it's getting.

Loveland with WM

Seattle—Archie Loveland, who is well known around here as a band leader, has forsaken the stick for a post with the William Morris office in Los Angeles. Bob Harvey, former singer with the Loveland band, now heads an outfit at the China Pheasant.



Hot Lips Page hips Ernest (Bass) Hill, left, and guitarist Teddy Bunn on the mechanics of his mellophone. Page played the horn on his recent trio recording session for the Bluebird race label. The group waxed four of Leonard Feather's blues tunes.

Carl Horvath Deserts 88 For MCA Post

BY JOHN CLADE

South Bend, Ind.—Carl Horvath, piano-organist at the Hoffman Hotel here for the past four years, threw in the sponge and joined up with MCA, leaving the band in the hands of bassist Paul Powell. Replacing Carl will be Violet Joy on the night shift and Lou Pike on the dinners. Cec Reeder and Jack Landick on reeds complete the combo.

Largay Cracks Up

Milwaukee—Lil Largay, staff pianist on station WTMJ here, smashed up her new car the third time she had it out of the garage. It was on a recent trip down to Chicago; she crashed it into the only telephone pole in sight.

Buddy Meuse Combo with Duca Comes on

BY BILL INGALLS

Boston—Buddy Meuse's 6-piece jam band with Mayo Duca on horn, has left the Miami Grove for Morey Pearl's 3 A Manor. This group is one of the most improved in town, with the leader's tenor showing signs of becoming one of the best in town. Of course Mayo's reputation is well known. It's really worth a trip to Weymouth. Louis Columbo and Norm O'Reilly on clarinet and alto, Ralph Ford on piano, and Georgie Travers on the traps fill out the personnel. All the arrangements are by Lucius Taylor, well known colored alto man.

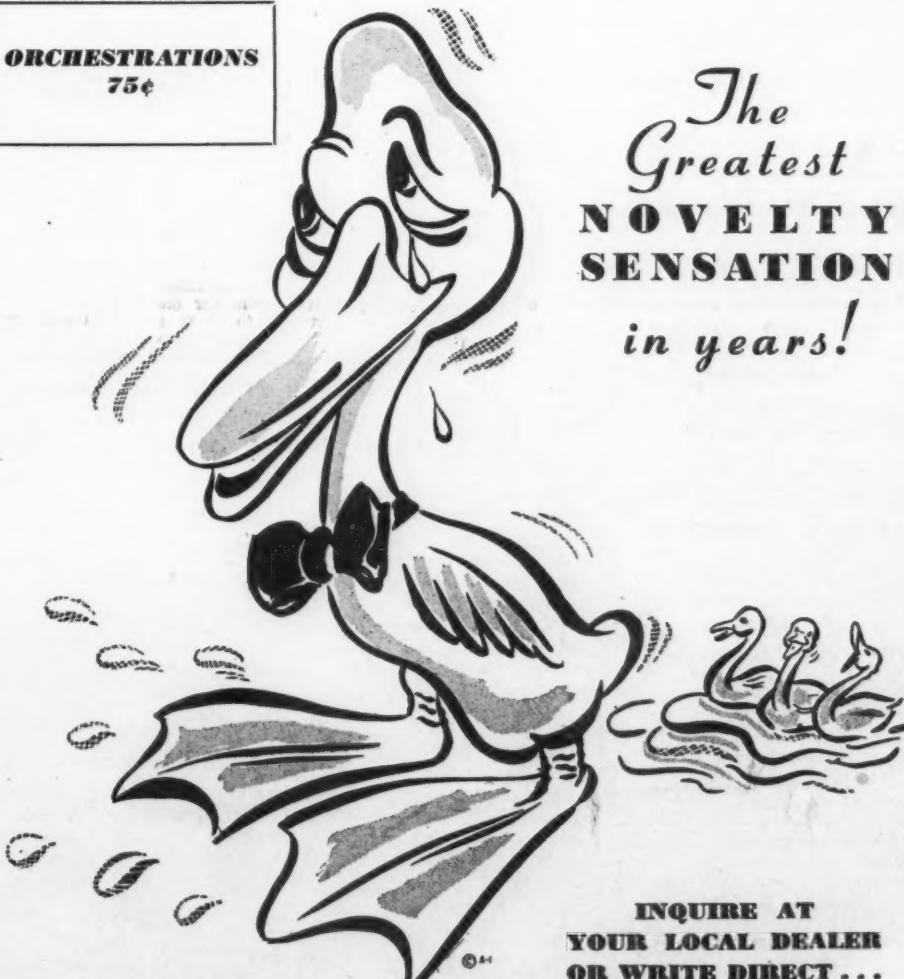
Tripp with Manzone

Auburn, N. Y.—Tony (Coonie) Tripp is the new trumpet man with Joe Manzone, teaming up with Mike Cervo.



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**Changes Are
Rife in the
Motor City**

BY LOU SCHURRER

Detroit—This has been a month for new bands and replacements, strictly. Probably the influence of the new year. In spite of the "millions for defense" being spent up here, the spots around town seem to be in the doldrums. The only reason we can figure out for the lack of business is the general feeling of indecision in the air.

Banket at Wood's Inn

Cootch dancer "Hazel" is one of a bevy of gargantuan dolls who comprise the two-ton chorus at the Reno Club down in Houston, Texas. Hazel, who tips the beam at 340 lbs., is shown here in her bubble dance routine. Dwarfed beside her at left is pianist maestro Bill Awalt, who heads the 8-piece band at the spot. It's a *Jack Daly* pic.

Teachers!!

That's the distance a Down Beat Teachers' Directory ad in the Dec. 15th issue brought Margaret Gloskey to study with Bob Zurke at the Crane Modern Piano School.

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**100 Years Ago**

a Belgian named Adolphe Sax stuck a clarinet mouthpiece on a now-obsolete instrument called an ophicleide,

and the first saxophone came into existence. In tribute to Sax's century old discovery, the pastry chef (right above) of Chicago's Edgewater Beach Hotel baked this "saxo-cake." Band leader Richard Humber (who plays fiddle, not sax) looks on in admiration. His band is now at the Mark Hopkins in San Francisco.

**Seattle Local's
Benefit Dance
Idea Flops**

BY GENE RICKET

Seattle—It sounded like a good idea. But the first of Local 76's proposed series of benefit dances, to raise dough for the AFM convention this summer, flopped 119 bucks' worth. Different bands were to have contributed their services every Monday night at the Trianon ballroom. Gay Jones played the first one, and about 62 people showed up. The idea was abandoned.

Entertainment plans for the 700 odd delegates expected June 9-13 are not going particularly hot at this point, but of course it's still early. The Local, according to Carson Weber, tried to charter the streamlined ferry Kalakala for a trip to Tacoma and a big salmon bake on the beach. But the ferry serves the Bremerton Navy Yard and defense plans won't allow use of the boat. The proposed trip to Mount Rainier (14,400 feet up) is also out, because there's not room enough to park the busses on account of too much snow at the lodge at that time.

**Buddy Clarke
Polo Team
Challenges All**

New York—They may have a devil of a time finding any opposition, but nevertheless the Buddy Clarke band's polo team hereby issues a challenge to any other band. The Clarke team consists of Ernie Ardi, guitar; Irwin Berkin and Hal Graham, trumpets, and Clarke himself. Before coming to the Park Central Hotel, where they have just completed a full year's engagement, Clarke and the boys played at a swank polo club and gained an interest in the game while practicing with horses and mallets.

**Stan Stanford
Stand Is Set**

Hancock, Mich.—Up here where the winters are long and the hair longer, the four piece Stan Stanford band has just signed a three months' contract to play Gino's Restaurant. Stan is on reeds, Harry Spangenberg on piano, Bob Metcher on drums and Ardell Pierce does vocals.

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**Duke Wilson's
2nd Year at
Tucson Spot**

BY MARIE DE FLOREA

Tucson, Ariz.—In its 15th month at the Lodge Club here is Duke Wilson's small but powerful piecer. The band's strong point is Tommy Cohde's fine cornet. The Lodge, which boasts the biggest bar in the State, is one of Tucson's favorite night spots. Wilson, 23 years a member of Los Angeles Local 47, heads the bunch from the piano bench. Also in the combo are Doc Watson on reeds, Jimmy Hamilton on drums.

Confidential: Jimmy Witfield, formerly drummer with Doc Garrison in Phoenix, more recently of the Blue Moon Ballroom here, had the end of his nose bitten practically off in a barroom brawl.

Snooped: The outfit at La Jolla which prefers "not to be written up by the trade papers." Could be the Hammond?

Dug: The refreshing offering of the string trio at The Ozarks, Harry Woods'. They ask customers to help themselves to the instruments or the mike if they have anything to contribute. Mrs. Woods and Rex Thompson complete the trio.

**Local 20 Bush Is
A J-Bugs' Jamboree**

BY EDDIE GUY

Scranton—A jitterbug's holiday was provided when all the musicians from Local 20, gates and longhair alike, assembled for the annual benefit jamboree for the Local. Eleven bands took the stand for a half hour apiece and all gave their all. The newly formed band of Carl Passe put on a good show as did Henry Bell's WARM outfit. . . . The Comerford theaters have once again started featuring name bands. . . . Mrs. O'Hearn's spot really comes on more than ever. After any date a band plays in town, all the musicians gather at her place; and such sessions you've never dreamed of!

**Sick
Bring
Tough**

Syracuse, N.Y.—Theater has bands, but have with the book McCoy and their date because they brought didn't do too well. . . . had to sub frequently when couldn't make Rimac's band did Larry Clinton in for three days is back from the Ann DuPont Potter has joined in Florida. . . . George Hamm are getting the The "Sons of Two Guys" who were six weeks.

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Screwballs on Wheels



Chicago—Eddie Chase, whose recorded band programs over WGN here are carrying on despite the music war, threw a ball-bearing bash for the orks of Dick Jurgens and Gray Gordon and the Chi sales staff for RCA-Victor. The whole bunch took over the Arcadia roller rink two weeks ago for the evening. In this shot, Jurgens, left, and baritone Dick Todd, right, lend their shoulders to Chase and Gordon, who took to the wheels too enthusiastically.

Kicked Out of Own Band, Joe Goes On to Real Success

BY DOUG MILLS

Springfield, Mass.—It was just about a year ago that the boys in Joe Lazarz' band ganged up and slipped him the Quisling treatment, brushed him right out of the band. But I wonder how those same boys are feeling these days.

Joe went right out and got himself a new band. They rehearsed hard and worked like the devil to build something good in the line of polka jive. A few months ago they cut a few sides for Victor. They went over, and the boys cut a few more. They have eight sides out now and more to come. And all of

the tunes are originals by Joe and a couple of his band boys, Joie Scott and Stan Kusiak. Joie plays accordion, Stan the trumpet. Rest of the lineup includes Ted Laczek, Ray Smith, Joe Urban, Aldone Graveline, Wes Russell, Jimmy Wilson and Joe Waugick. They rarely have any off time. Right now they're working leading ballrooms throughout New England, and it looks like the guys who kicked Joe out of his own band a year ago did him the favor.

Doc Owen Boasts Beertown's Best Disc Collection

BY SIG HELLER

Milwaukee—Doc Owen, former hot tenor man now practicing medicine, has the largest record collection in town. Doc has worked on it as a hobby for the past 18 years and says he has everything of any consequence that was ever released. When Doc built a new home recently, he had cabinets built all over the house. Every room contains scads of records. . . Robert Hess, local ASCAP rep, tells us lots of Wisconsin stations are signing up. Some of the recent pactees are stations in Sheboygan, Fond du Lac, Superior, Marinette, Manitowoc, Wausau and Poyntette.

Gordy Gensch's swell little band at the Club Madrid is still packing 'em in, and the customers really go for those Ray Ressel arrangements. This band has taken an awful lot of bum knocks, and a good break is long overdue.

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Joe Snowden Trio in D. C. Spot Raided

BY WHITEY BAKER

Washington, D. C.—Harry's Bluebird, notorious night spot here, was raided by the Arlington County Police a few weeks ago. Joe Snowden's fine colored trio and everybody else working in the spot at the time, including nine panders and 23 "ladies of the evening," spent a few days as guests of the police department.

The club is located next to the D. C. airport on land that was reclaimed from the Potomac River. Arlington County, Va., the District of Columbia and the State of Virginia have refused to accept this strip of land in their jurisdiction and for many years have been passing the buck to each other on the responsibility for policing it. So heretofore the Bluebird has simply run wide open, advertising that beer and wine were on sale 24 hours a day. The place has been a great after hour jam spot, and it was lucky that no musicians were sitting in at the time, although several were there and just about ready to open their cases. All of the 100-odd customers in the place at the time were shooed home.

Give This Fellow a Break



At the risk of giving the impression that it is going out of its way to boost convicts, *Down Beat* urges the profession to give this fellow, Gilbert Murray, a break. He is a musician and composer who will be unconditionally released from Michigan State Prison next month after several years' incarceration.

Don't forget that the penal system in this country is based upon constructive, corrective theories, and that the purpose of prison is the rehabilitation of a man. Despite sensational and misleading newspaper parole stories, the vast majority of released and paroled convicts live the rest of their lives as peaceful law-abiding citizens. The worst part of the penal sys-

tem is that it attaches a stigma to a man after he has been released. Gilbert Murray will, unfortunately, have this stigma attached to him, unless the profession, the band leaders, booking agents, publishers and his fellow musicians are sensible, give him an even break and let him prove himself.

Burton Morse Band Enlarged

BY MARIE DE FLOREA

Phoenix, Ariz.—Burton Morse has made some changes and enlarged his combo to 11 men. Among the new additions are Frank Pratt, trumpet, and Russ Clark, bass. The band's at Riverside. . . Ray Gibson is playing bass on a feed-the-kitty job at Lee Comers'. There just ain't no justice when a doghouse man of Gibson's caliber gets buried in a joint like that.

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Ex-NBC 'Wonder Boy' with Rico

Beverly Hills, Calif.—F. J. (Fordy) Kindle, the "wonder boy" of the Chicago NBC staff a few years ago, has just been appointed sales manager and vice president of Rico Products here. He was one of the most versatile men in staff work, having the reputation of being able to sit in for anybody on any instrument any time.

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DEPT. No. 5

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Miami in Sad Shape Musically

(Jumped from Page 2)

boda closed at the Latin Quarter. Jean Wald closed at the Floridian Hotel. Jack Eby barely got a nose in at Lost Lake Casino. Take my word for it that Bob Friedkin's band is not 100 per cent happy at the Wits End Club.

The hotel situation is foul. Too many of them mushroomed up last year. Managements cutting down. And what do they cut down on first? I'll give you one guess.

Pete Whitehead's unit at the Terrace is suffering a touch of unhappiness. Slight paring on the part of the employer involved.

The Beach Theater cut out the name bands after Clyde McCoy's date.

If business continues as lousy as it has been, the Local union will be swamped with claims, as will the National, if more traveling units are stranded. On top of it all the Local right now has a greater membership than ever before in its history.

Inspectors Loot Cooler

Oh sure, the Colonial Club has been making out all right. Why wouldn't it, with Paul Whiteman, Harry Richman, Sophie Tucker and Joe Lewis? They turned away about five thousand people opening night. But that's just one good reason why the rest of the bistros are gasping for succor.

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Iron Men from Iron Mountain



Iron Mountain, Mich.—Finishing up a full year at Cavi's Crystal Bar here, the Fritz Spera combination provides this section of Michigan with some of the toughest Dixieland in the north country. Roy Johnson on bass, arranges and sings. Ewald Johnson is on tenor. Spera, center, is on first trumpet, and Cav Cavi on second doubling hot fiddle. Willie Watt is on piano, really goes on boogie, and Joe Pep is the drummer. Pic courtesy Gordon Sullivan.

To top off the whole sad season, the Local's clubroom was invaded by the State license inspectors last month. They confiscated a case of beer from our cooler, and promptly held that we were selling the stuff without a license. Actually the lager was merely being kept cool for one of the boys who was taking it home later. But when our officials went to the County Courthouse to adjust the matter, there was the evidence—part of it. Several bottles were missing. I happened to notice one of the inspectors belch.

Oh well. The Local bought a license, so now we can keep the stuff in the cooler for the boys. And—I don't mean to repeat myself, but—if things keep up like they have been, we might have to get hold of something a little tougher than Schlitz.

Sam Takes Quinn

Waterbury, Conn.—Bob Quinn, second trumpet and chief arranger for Cliff Slator's band here, has answered the call of Uncle Sam.

Says Peddling Tunes to BMI Is Tough Job

BY ROSS CHRISTENA

Indianapolis—Our symphony orchestra, under Fabien Sevitzky, recorded 13 discs for Victor two weeks ago, and it looks as if the excitement never will die down. . . . Until recently the Sapphire Room of the Hotel Washington has used out of town small combos almost exclusively. The union ruled, however, that the spot must use a house band of local men at least eight weeks out of the year. . . . Clint Brown, trumpet man with Irv Given's Purdue U. band, has penned several fine tunes which he has tried to peddle to BMI, but all in vain. Seems a shame, as hard up as BMI seems for decent tunes. . . . Lloyd Martin, now in Benny Goodman's sax section, has sold a dozen arrangements he made when he played here in Amos Otstot's band, to Chuck Smith's up and coming Indianapolis crew.

Tiny Martin Has New Seattle Ork

BY GENE RICKET

Seattle—Tiny Martin, 350-lb. bassist, has lined up some fast men and will take up the baton shortly. . . . Arden Stevens shows better every time out at the Senator, with Dick Giger grabbing tenor take-off honors in a Joe Thomas vein. . . . The Reservoir draws a good swing clientele with a terrific three-piece combo. Cliff Whitcomb handles the keyboard, with Tebby Tebelman on tenor, and Gordy Chalstedt on skins. . . . Palmer Johnson's trio still gives the jit-bugs a few kicks, with Herman Grimes blasting the iron-horn and Punkin Austin playing paradiddles. . . . Bill Roberts will move into the Olympic Bowl soon to replace Jackie Souders.

Mollie Klaff Joins Louis Prima Band

Norwalk, Conn.—Mollie Klaff, pianist-singer of this city, joined the Louis Prima combo last month. Mollie, whose name may be changed for commercial euphony, will be featured on both piano and vocals.

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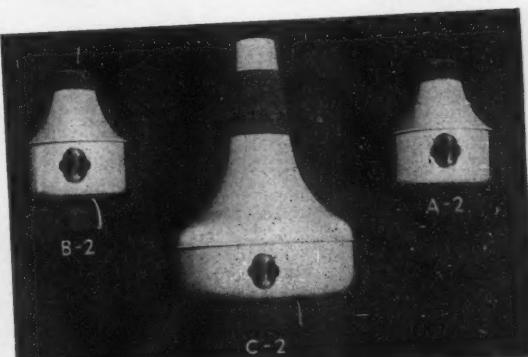
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Hootchie Cootchie jive is rampant in South Bend. These boys, giving it the wiggle along with Karel Kaye, are Barney O'Reilly, Carl Gilo, Marty Ross and Carl Miller. It's Ross' band, one of the faves in the Notre Dame city. Nelson Good took the shot for the *Beat*.

Diggin' a fast rehearsal of the Tony Pastor band in New York recently were guitarist Al Avola, trumpeter Irving Goodman, tenor George Auld and Krupa pianist Bob Kitzis; left to right. The Pastor band is creating plenty of favorable talk. Al Spieldock caught this pic.



Two Pair of voices from two popular families blend into a ditty on a recent theater tour. It's Ozzie and Harriet Hillard Nelson (left) and Humphrey and Mayo Methot. Bogart, gathering their vocal chords together for the entertainment of the box office gentry. The recent tour of the foursome and Ozzie's band proved a natural everywhere it played. Ozzie's Bluebird records are good sellers right now.



Lanky Artie Ryerson was snapped between masters on a Raymond Scott recording date a couple of weeks ago. Considered some of the best in the game, Artie's githox sparks all the fine Scott Columbia discs these days.



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